

PERIODICAL

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

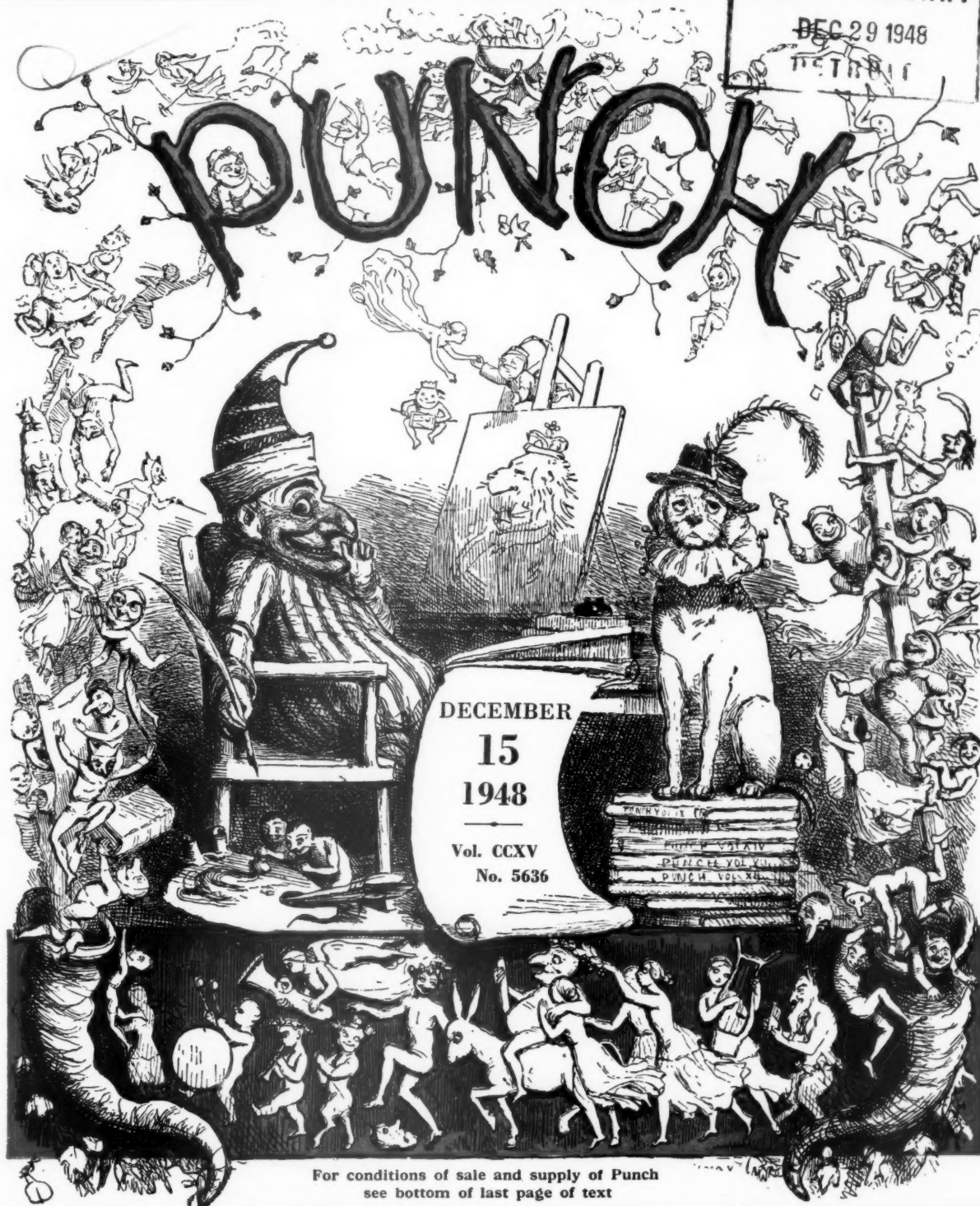
**MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY LTD**

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DETROIT



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BY APPOINTMENT  
TYPEWRITERS  
MANUFACTURERS TO THE  
ROYAL NAVY

# Imperial Typewriters

MADE IN  
GREAT BRITAIN

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1903. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/- per annum (Canada 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland, 1d.; Canada, 1d. Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.



**Are you clever with lipstick?**

Even a Yardley lipstick will leave traces in the wrong places if you put it on with a slap-dash hand. Just powder over the first application. Smooth with a tissue and retouch lightly — you'll find the colour stays put for hours and hours. Another lipstick-sin is to use a shade that's out of tune with your natural colouring. That need never happen, because Yardley make eight lovely shades, and one or other of them will harmonize perfectly with your hair or skin tones. *Beauty Salon at 33 Old Bond Street London W1*

**YARDLEY**



**JUST ADD HOT WATER-  
FOR A TASTY, BEEFY DRINK**



**OXO WORKS WONDERS!**

So good to drink,  
so easy to make

*My word...*



**MERIDIAN!**  
*Underwear. Slumberwear. Knitwear*

J. B. LEWIS & SONS, LTD., Nottingham. Est. 1815. Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade.



For over half a century

STATE EXPRESS 555

have maintained their  
reputation as the best  
cigarettes in the world



Export Packing

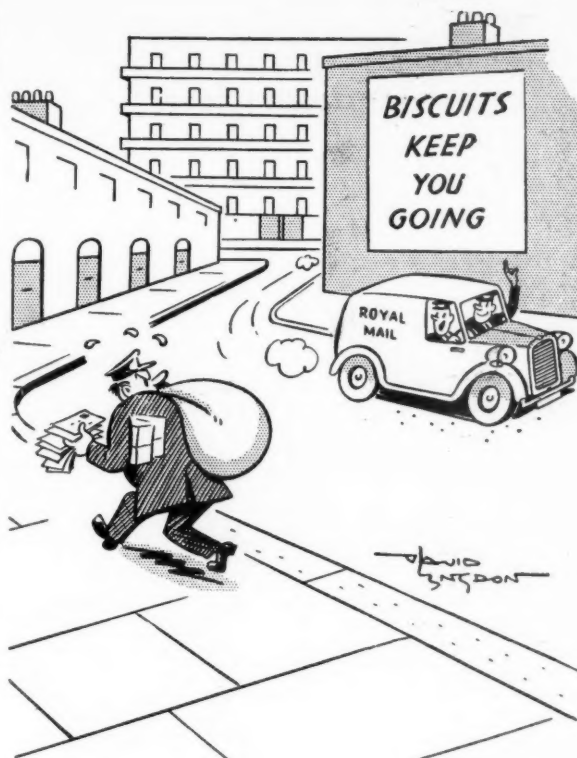
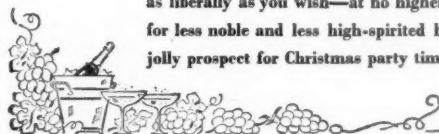
CHRISTMAS COMES  
BUT ONCE A YEAR!



*Champagne*

### MAKES IT AN OCCASION

Here is news as cheering and invigorating as the effusive 'pop' of the Champagne cork! France and Great Britain have arranged quota agreements which mean that you can now enjoy the finest Champagnes—as often and as liberally as you wish—at no higher cost than you pay for less noble and less high-spirited beverages. What a jolly prospect for Christmas party time!



Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance to remind you that although biscuits are still scarce, they remain the most compact energy food.

CVS-203

*all the best  
for Christmas!*



**Mackintosh's  
'Quality Street'**

A DELICIOUS ASSORTMENT OF TOFFEES & CHOCOLATES

### Stocking-up for Christmas



**IDRIS**  
Non-Alcoholic  
Ginger Wine



**2/6**  
PER BOTTLE





**downsweep** for day

**uplift** for evening



Once upon a time there was a girl who wailed, "I can't do anything with my hair." So her friends took her to a Registered Eugène Waver. Now she wears her hair loosely cutting one day, swept regally up the next. What's more, she can

brush her sets to keep her hair glossy and healthy, for Eugène waves are "permanently hers." Ask any Eugène Waver about *your* next wave. Half-an-hour of professional advice is worth weeks of amateur enthusiasm.

**Eugène**

Genuine Eugène Sachets for your wave are sealed in a hygienic Individual Pack. Ask to see it—and read the message inside addressed to you.

2 Pr

*first step to every lovely hair style*



**Who is Sylvia?**

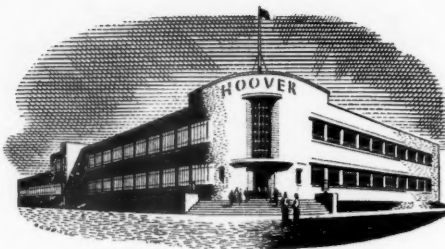
You can tell three things about Sylvia before she lowers her mirror. She has beautiful hands, owns beautiful silver, and takes good care of both. All her silver is trusted to Silvo; Silvo is gentle, considerate and kind. It coaxes away the dimness, leaving silver's own beauty to shine for itself.

**SILVO**  
Liquid Silver Polish  
RECKITT & COLMAN LTD.  
FOUNDER MEMBER OF BETRO  
(British Export Trade Research Organisation)



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

**CHANEL**



## Hoover Limited open a new Factory at Merthyr Tydfil

ON October 12th the new Hoover factory at Merthyr Tydfil was officially opened. This is the third new Hoover factory to be opened since the end of the War—the others being at Cambuslang, Scotland, and at High Wycombe.

The Merthyr Tydfil factory has been built for the manufacture of electric washing machines and is the largest factory in the country to be devoted exclusively to this purpose.

At the Company's principal factory at Perivale the entire production facilities are required to meet

the huge demand for the world famous Hoover Cleaners. The factory at Cambuslang, Scotland, is manufacturing Hoover Fractional Horse Power Motors in ever-increasing quantities, while the High Wycombe factory is working at full capacity producing Hoover Shaded Pole Motors, Commutators and Switches all of which are used extensively by the Electrical Trades. Both for home and overseas markets Hoover production is constantly expanding, thus playing an ever-increasing part in the effort to raise the nation's standard of living.

### HOOVER LIMITED

Head Office and Principal Factory: PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX.  
Fractional Horse Power Motors: CAMBUSLANG, SCOTLAND.  
Electric Washing Machines: MERTHYR TYDFIL, SOUTH WALES.  
Shaded Pole Motors, Commutators & Switches: HIGH WYCOMBE, BEDFORDS.

**Accuracy—  
the great virtue  
of a Benson watch**



Every Benson watch is a good watch—thoroughly dependable for accuracy and long-lasting service. Your guarantee lies in the name Benson—the hallmark of reliability in watches for over a hundred years.

Call or send for illustrations of men's and women's models in gold or stainless steel.

**J. W. BENSON**  
(of Ludgate Hill) now at LTD.  
25 OLD BOND STREET,  
LONDON, W.1



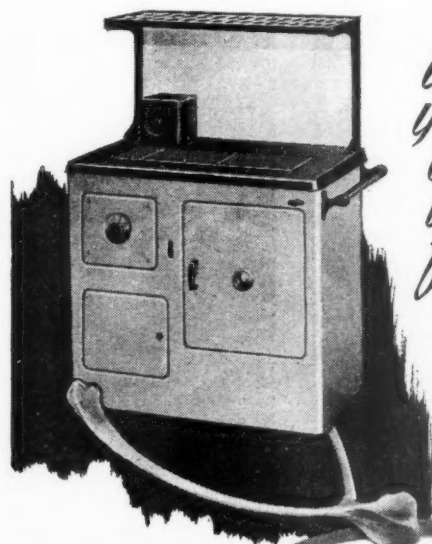
- HYGIENIC
- LUXURIOUS
- INEXPENSIVE



SPONTEX Sponges are wonderfully soft, absorbent and resilient . . . stay fresh and save soap. They have a long life and may be cleaned by boiling.

Obtainable from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Leading Stores and Chemists.

MADE IN G.T. BRITAIN BY SPONCEL LTD.



*all  
you've  
ever  
wished  
for. . . . .*

- AIR-HEATED OVEN (No Oven Flues to Clean)
- QUICK-BOILING HOT-PLATE
- CONSTANT HOT WATER
- LOW FUEL CONSUMPTION

Smooth lines and vitreous enamel finish for easy cleaning . . . Large air-heated oven with positive heat control for successful baking . . . Controlled hotplate for efficiency and easy cooking . . . and a CONSTANT supply of really hot water. What more could you want? ECONOMY?—well, the Sterling offers you that too—it consumes only 1½ cwt. per week of solid fuel and needs only infrequent ash removal. Ask your local dealer for full particulars or write for illustrated brochure.

**THE 'STERLING'**  
FREE-STANDING COOKER

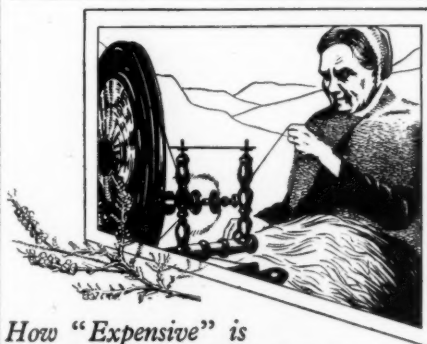
**GRANGEMOUTH IRON CO. LTD., FALKIRK**  
CONTROLLED BY FEDERATED FOUNDRIES LTD.



**This Christmas  
A Jacqmar scarf  
...as always**

**Jacqmar**

**16, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON. W.1.**



How "Expensive" is  
**HARRIS TWEED?**

Weaving Tweed on hand-loom with the traditional skill for which the crofters of the Outer Hebrides are famous makes it impossible for Harris Tweed to be sold at a low price. But think what you get! Magic of moor and mountain in its patterns . . . long wear far beyond the life of other fabrics . . . most of all the inescapable rightness of Harris Tweed for every outdoor occasion.



LOOK FOR THE MARK ON THE CLOTH  
LOOK FOR THE LABEL ON THE GARMENT

Issued by The Harris Tweed Association Limited H.9

The programme . . .  
the **WHOLE** programme . . .  
and **NOTHING BUT**  
**THE PROGRAMME**



**MODEL 371A** for A.C. Mains  
(Also Model 371U for A.C. or D.C. Mains)  
£16.16.0 (plus purchase tax £3.11.11)

The only way to hear the **WHOLE** programme is to own a really modern radio receiver—and you couldn't do better than choose a Philips. The powerful 5-valve all-wave superhet illustrated here has many special features, all

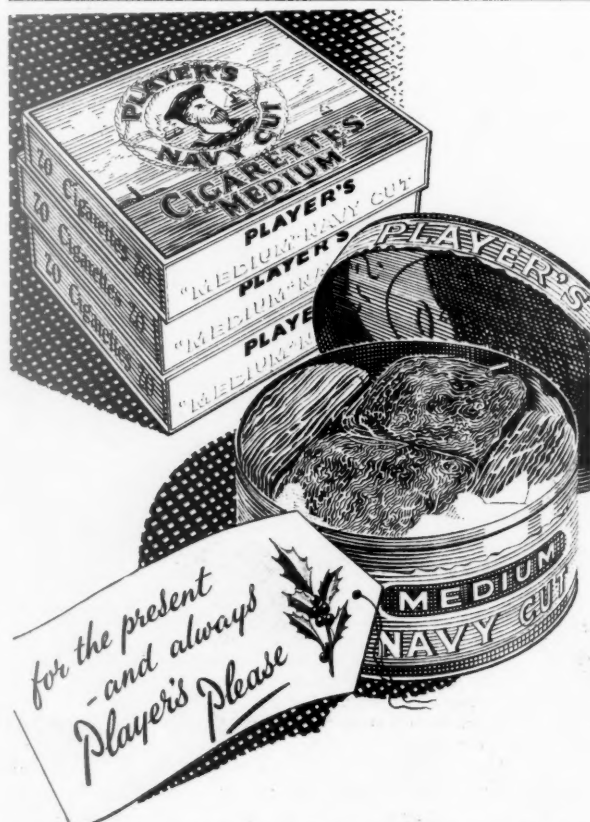
designed to give you the programme and nothing but the programme.

Go to your *Philips Dealer* and hear it for yourself. You'll be amazed how much better it is than your present receiver.



**PHILIPS** *The Dependable Radio*

(PR340P)



PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES & TOBACCO  
[NCC 697L]

**Rolex Oyster**—world's first  
waterproof wrist-chronometer



THE Rolex Oyster is back again! World's waterproof watch and first to achieve Swiss *official* chronometer status. The Oyster is *permanently* protected by the unique self-sealing

action of one metallic surface upon another. All moisture, dust and dirt are shut out—forever! Supplies, obtainable from leading jewellers only, are still limited.

**TRUE CHRONOMETER ACCURACY**  
According to Swiss regulations a watch may only be termed "chronometer" if its accuracy will pass rigorous Observatory or Official Tests. Every Rolex chronometer is accompanied by its own pedigree—a Certificate by a Swiss Official Testing Station—and has the words "officially certified chronometer" on the dial.



**ROLEX**

Swiss officially certified wrist-chronometers

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY, LTD. (H. WILDORF, GOVERNING DIRECTOR)



You'll be glad you got

**GILBEY'S**

PORTS AND SHERRIES

*The time has come,  
The Guardsman said,  
To talk of many things,  
Of Shirts and Socks and Underwear  
And Ties that freedom brings.*

(with Apologies to Lewis Carroll)

## Outfitters in four Reigns

The family business of T. M. Lewin is still in the same Street where it was established 50 years ago and still giving that personal attention and service which make such a difference to personal shopping. We thank our many old and respected clients for their continued patronage. It is to us a source of pride and inspiration.

# T. M. Lewin & Sons Ltd.

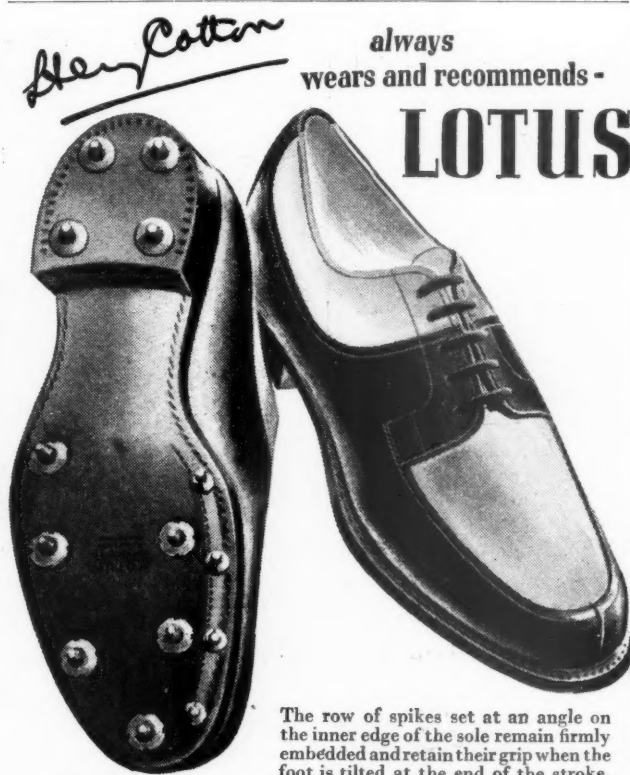
Shirtmakers & Tailors  
Specialists in Club Colours

103, JERMYN STREET  
ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

(Only Address)

Established 1898

Telephone: WHItchall 4291



The row of spikes set at an angle on the inner edge of the sole remain firmly embedded and retain their grip when the foot is tilted at the end of the stroke.

## Angle Spike Shoes for Golf

## What, another new suit?



No, just a suit that *looks* new, thanks to University Tailors "Care of Clothes by Subscription" Service. Let us collect your suits, overcoats and costumes for dust-freeing, stain-removing, minor renovations, re-shaping and tailor pressing every week, fortnight or month. Regular attention keeps your clothes like new.

Turning! Years of experience have enabled us to perfect the art of TURNING GARMENTS. We shall be glad to advise Subscribers whether their suits justify the moderate cost of "University Turning."

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS:  
WEEKLY SERVICE 20 GNS.  
FORTNIGHTLY SERVICE 11 GNS.  
MONTHLY SERVICE 6 GNS.

Garments returned within one week unless major repairs required.



## UNIVERSITY TAILORS LTD.

LONDON, S.W.8

Please forward full particulars of The Care of Clothes by Subscription.

If previous subscriber tick here

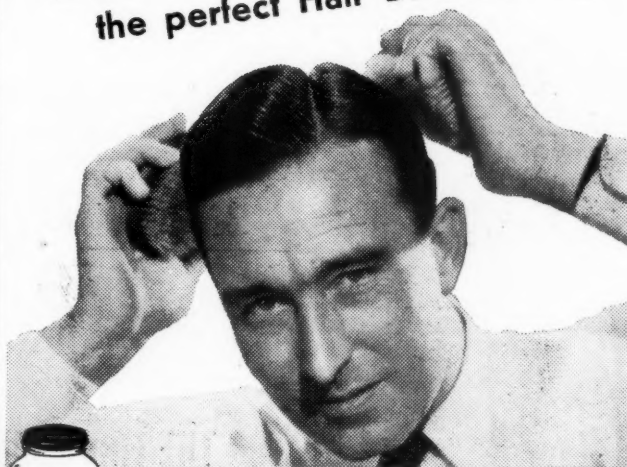
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Address

P. 8

## BRYLCREEM

the perfect Hair Dressing



This Christmas if you want to give something really personal give Brylcreem—the perfect hair dressing. It's a safe choice because most well groomed men use Brylcreem anyway. Afterwards the well cared for appearance of his hair will thank you handsomely! Brylcreem is obtainable in jars or tubes from Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores at the fixed price of 1/11d. Here is a gift for men that you can give with confidence.

"It's a gift for perfect grooming"

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., Honey Pot Lane, Stanmore, Middx.

royds 41/6





You can  
spot the man...

who wears a "Van Heusen" collar anywhere—the air of distinction it imparts is unmistakable. The perfect set results from its being contour woven to the shape of the neck.

**"VAN HEUSEN"**

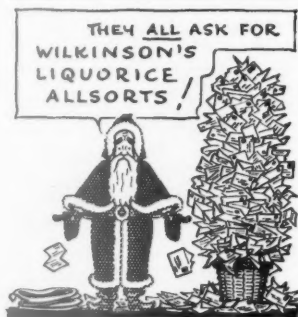
The perfect Semi-stiff Collar



Manufactured by  
HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY LTD.  
London • Taunton

Summer's serenity in  
**Winter**  
at Cheltenham Spa

The shelter of the lovely Cotswolds provides the ideal winter climate. Music, Entertainment, Healthful rest, First Class Hotels. For Rail Services, enquire at Stations or Agents. Guide from Dept. M, Town Hall, Cheltenham Spa.



Welcome Always -  
Keep it Handy

**GRANT'S**  
MORELLA  
**Cherry Brandy**

Over a 100 years' reputation  
for quality.



FORMULA . . . There are halo-ed martyrs

who have given up smoking altogether. There are the cynical who are quite used to giving it up—they've done it so often before. But there is a formula which can save you from both martyrdom and cynicism—smoke only the finest Turkish leaf. You will find that enough is indeed a feast and that in smoking so much better you not only feel better but smoke less. You can appease both conscience and pocket by quoting these famous pass words

**Balkan Sobranie**



**FOR THE FIRST CHRISTMAS SINCE 1938**  
Fine reliable watches at reasonable cost

GIVE *Kelton*

THE RIGHT TIME AT THE RIGHT PRICE  
Non-luminous £2:17:3 Luminous £3:0:0 Luminous  
with centre seconds £3:4:2. Fully guaranteed.

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN WITH THE TEMPORARY EXCEPTION OF CERTAIN PARTS OF U.S. ORIGIN.



**Adastra**



HERE is an aristocrat among leather jackets —a jacket to add to the reputation which the Adastra range has won among discerning sportsmen and sportswomen. Tailored by craftsmen from the finest of luxurious, supple suede, with a full lining of silk or chamois, it has an easy fit that combines freedom with comfort. The snug-fitting cuffs and waistband are of wool. Available in tan or nigger from leading outfitters.



Quite like  
old times!



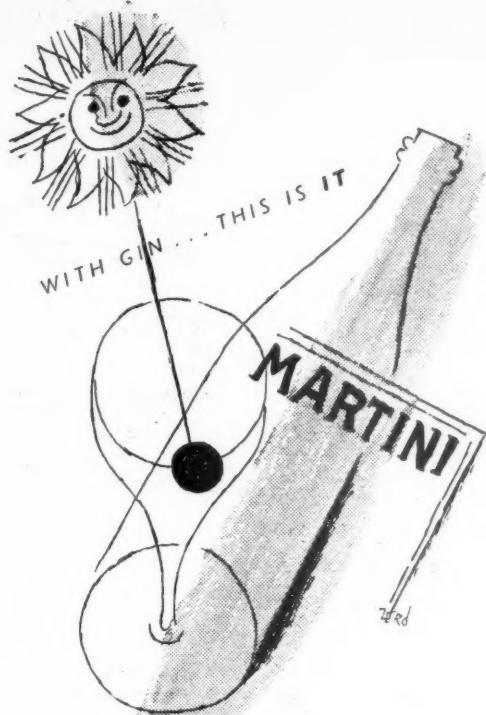
Vichy Water is back!

Taken at meal-times or any time, Vichy-Celestins is always a pleasant drink. From Hotels, Stores, Chemists, Grocers.

**VICHY-CELESTINS**

World-Famous French Spa Water.  
Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

★ CAUTION: See that the label bears the name of the Sole Agents:  
**INGRAM & ROYLE Ltd. 12 Thayer St, London, W.1**



MARTINI VERMOUTH

matured and bottled in ITALY by Martini & Rossi SA

# 4 ENGINE Comfort for WINTER FLYING

## EUROPEAN RETURN FARES

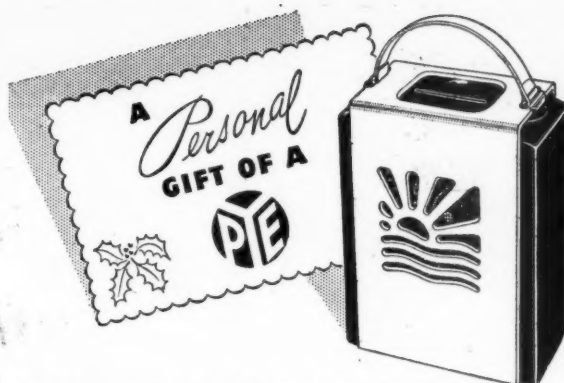
All Air France Main Routes in Europe are now served by the 33-Seater, four-engine Languedoc. You are thus assured of fast, comfortable travel under all weather conditions. Apply to your travel agent for details of Services.

	London	Manchester	Glasgow
ALGIERS	£58. 6.0	£65.12.0	£72.14.0
BARCELONA	£39.19.0	£47. 3.0	£54. 8.0
BASLE	£27. 0.0	£34. 4.0	£41. 8.0
GENEVA	£27. 0.0	£34. 4.0	£41. 8.0
NICE	£34. 6.0	£41.10.0	£48.14.0
PARIS	£14. 8.0	£21.12.0	£28.16.0
ROME	£52.18.0	£60. 2.0	£67. 6.0
ZURICH	£28.16.0	£36. 0.0	£43. 4.0

Long Distance Single Fares from London :  
Cairo - £67.0.0 Calcutta £142. 0.0  
Karachi £120.0.0 Lagos - £92. 0.0  
Nairobi £136.0.0 New York £91.15.0  
Shanghai £193.0.0 Teheran £100. 0.0

# AIR FRANCE

HAYMARKET, LONDON ; RENFIELD ST., GLASGOW ;  
AIRWAYS TERMINUS, MANCHESTER



Smart and compact, with a sweet tone, the Pye "Personal" is the ideal present. It is so small and light that it can be taken anywhere, providing just that extra entertainment to complete the occasion. Ask your Pye agent about this delightful radio in miniature.

MODEL M78F Inclusive Price £15. 5. 11

£12. 12. 0 plus £2. 13. 11 Purchase Tax

PYE

*Personal*

MADE IN CAMBRIDGE  
The Centre of Scientific Research



PYE LIMITED · RADIO WORKS · CAMBRIDGE  
NP15

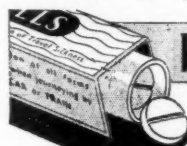


IN THE BAD OLD DAYS, when there was nothing to be done except grin and bear it, seasickness, and other forms of travel sickness were endured and made into a joke.

But the war changed all that. Assault troops had to be landed fighting fit, even after turbulent sea crossings in very lively craft and air lifts made bumpy by flak and evasive action. Research by all three Services evolved a formula entirely successful in 93% of cases and a great relief

to the remaining 7%. This formula is on sale under the brand name of KWELLS (1/6 an unbreakable tube at all chemists). This remedy has opened up a whole new world of journeys enjoyed for millions of men, women and, particularly, children who so often suffer with car sickness. Enjoy every moment of every journey you make from now on. Never travel without KWELLS.

★ Incidentally, Kwells are very good for the "morning after" if taken when turning in, or directly the situation becomes threatening during the "evening before."



KWELLS

*The D-day remedy*

PREVENT TRAVEL SICKNESS  
BY ROAD · RAIL · SEA OR AIR

## Rabaldo

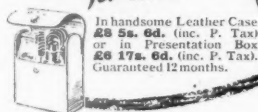
ELECTRIC DRYSHAVING  
is dryshaving  
perfected

...because the 'Rabaldo' new shaving principle permits the actual cutting blade to touch the skin, and being held at the normal 'safety razor' angle there is no new technique to learn. A really close, speedy and comfortable shave is obtained from the start.

Makes an ideal gift.



The perfect gift  
for HIM!



Obtainable from all high-class Hair-dressers, Chemists, Electrical Dealers, Stores, etc. In case of difficulty write direct to makers.

Manufactured by  
JOHN A. FRANKEN LTD., NORTHWOOD, MIDD.

## THE ROYAL ALBION BRIGHTON

A first-class hotel since 1826

Telephone:  
9202 (4 lines).

Telegrams:  
"Royalalbn."

**COINTREAU**  
Extra Dry for England  
The Finest Liqueur Indispensable in Cocktails  
THE WELL BALANCED LIQUEUR

## 'Twixt Autumn and Spring

Weymouth's mild climate in the winter months invites you into the open air, where flowers still bloom. There's entertainment for your leisure, glorious country to be explored, and pleasant people with whom to share your idler moments.

Write for Particulars and List of Accommodation at reasonable prices to Publicity Dept., Alexandra Gdns., Weymouth.  
**Come to WEYMOUTH**  
for the Rest of the Year

## SELLING ABROAD



You can telephone a cable to any part of the world just as you do an inland telegram. Just phone your nearest Cable and Wireless office or ask exchange for "Foreign Telegrams" and dictate your message.



VIA IMPERIAL

Cable and Wireless Ltd., Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2

Telephone: TEMple Bar 8494

WHEN LETTERS AWAIT ATTENTION CABLES DEMAND IT

CVS-115

## PRESENTATION 10's

Give JAMAVANA CIGARS for Christmas. Rolled in Jamaica from the finest matured leaf, JAMAVANAS will be especially appreciated by the discriminating cigar smoker. Now available in seasoned cedarwood cabinet boxes of 10.



## Conversation

Chairman makes sociable conversation even more pleasurable. This famous and fragrant mixture promotes the flow of thought and talk—yet its soothing mellowness induces tolerance that keeps the keenest argument always within the bounds of good fellowship.

## Chairman Tobacco



4/2½ per oz.  
In 2 oz. vacuum tins and 1 oz. packets.

Three strengths: Chairman, medium; Boardman's, mild; Recorder, full. If any difficulty in obtaining, write to Chairman Sales Office, 24 Holborn, London, E.C.1

94



Be not like Theophilus Thistlebone... who thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb.

Protect your hands with

**Andy**

GARDEN GLOVES

4/11 per pair from all Ironmongers and Stores, or direct 5/2 post free (state size).  
**TEDSON, THORNLEY & CO., ROCHDALE**

## Your Hair Brush rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

**JOHN HASSALL,**  
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,  
(Dept. L.),  
64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

## FERNANDEZ FINO



PRODUCE OF SPAIN

NOW OBTAINABLE IN LIMITED SUPPLIES  
ASK YOUR RETAILER





Specimen diamonds in a superb modern setting of platinum. From our new collection of exquisite rings and jewellery.

**Choose all your Christmas Gifts at Saqui and Lawrence and your friends will thank you for years to come!**



• DIAMOND AND GEM-SET RINGS • PRECIOUS JEWELLERY • LADIES' AND MEN'S PRECISION WATCHES IN GOLD, STAINLESS STEEL AND CHROMIUM CASES • MODERN AND ANTIQUE SILVER, AND A WIDE CHOICE OF OTHER LOVELY GIFTS. Call at your nearest branch today.

**Saqui and Lawrence**

DIAMOND MERCHANTS • WATCHMAKERS

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1,  
and 28 LIVERPOOL STREET, E.C.2

Saqui and Lawrence Ltd. have other fine showrooms throughout London and the Provinces.



*we shall have*  
**MOUSSEC**  
*wherever we go!*



**ASK AT THE BAR FOR A BABY MOUSSEC**

(One Champagne Glass)



## The new BIRO MINOR

with **3** new features

The new Biro Minor has been developed through experience gained and practical research work amongst users. It presents several advantages over the original model and offers greater convenience and better service to users.

### 1 SELF-LOADING REFILL INSERT

The new visible check refill inserts are obtainable in red, green, royal blue and blue-black from your Biro agents. Refilling takes only a moment.

### 2 NOW FITTED WITH A CAP

This cap transforms Biro Minor from a writing instrument intended solely for desk use to a portable instrument, ready to write wherever you need it.

### 3 REDUCED PRICE

The economies effected by large scale production enable Biro Minor to be reduced in price.

BIRO MINORS 4/1½ each • REFILL INSERTS 2/3 each  
(Inc. Tax) (Inc. Tax)

The new  
**Biro Minor**

Do not forget the **HANDY STAND** in black or walnut finish for your set of 4 Biro Minors. Price 2/9 (inc. tax).



*It's Whitehall for Ministries . . . BUT*

**"National"**  
for **ADDING MACHINES**

*Designed for speed  
and built to last*



THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY LIMITED



For keeping snug on cold winter days, there is nothing like one of these double-breasted Ulsters. Cut for comfort, with the casual good looks so characteristic of Simpson tailoring



Men's Overcoat  
Dept. 2nd Floor

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd  
202 Piccadilly London W.1 Regent 2002



# BOLSKUMMEL

*Very dry . . . to suit the English Palate*

Bolskummel is back again. Double-distilled from the finest Dutch caraway seeds, Bolskummel is friendly to your digestion. In sipping Bolskummel, you sip the original authentic Dutch—the inspiration of all other Kummels — the 'Rembrandt' as opposed to its copies.



Sole Importers: **BROWN, GORE & WELCH LIMITED**  
10 Corn Exchange Chambers, Seething Lane, E.C.3

Can I smoke less tobacco?  
And still enjoy 20 a day?  
20 good cigarettes?

**Yes! mine's a  
MINOR**



ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

FORD ENTERPRISE FOR BRITISH PROSPERITY

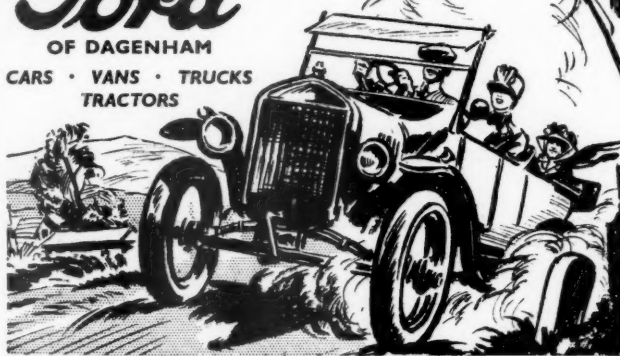
**We've come  
a long way**

Over forty years ago, Ford set out to provide trouble-free motoring, and right from the earliest days Ford has had a unique reputation for reliability and Service Facilities. To-day there are Ford Dealers everywhere, with Ford-trained mechanics, Ford approved methods and low, fixed prices for spares and repairs.

**Ford**

OF DAGENHAM

CARS • VANS • TRUCKS  
TRACTORS





# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXV No. 5636

December 15 1948

## Charivaria

A PESSIMIST reflects that in the good old days of sail, a strike like the one on the *Queen Elizabeth* would only have taken up time equivalent to a quarter of the journey.

Warrington is to have a 30 ft. Christmas-tree in its traffic circus. It will be trimmed with warnings for all.



"FOLDING PIGS  
An inexpensive scheme"  
"The Smallholder."

For very small holders.

Recalling his rent-collecting days during hard times in the East End, a retired property-owner says he could always tell, without a word being spoken, when the money due was not forthcoming. The tenants had only to slam the door in his face.

A professional lady regrets that owing to getting married recently she found it necessary to discharge her cook. This raises the question whether cooks should allow mistresses any followers.

### O.B.E.s Coming Up

"It puzzled him why her meritorious public service had not caught the eye of those responsible for the conferment of the O.B.E. distinction. If anyone merited such an award it was Mrs. Kelly.

"The Council, however, had not overlooked it, and the delay was due only to shortage in supplies."—*Liverpool Echo*."

At least one doctor has solved the problem of what to do with old safety-razor blades. He labels them Pheno-Barbitone and leaves them in his car.



"Piping In The Pudding," says a heading. Housewives are reminded to wipe the joint before serving.

### Distant Prospect

"Children should be left behind as far as possible, as we have no room for them."—*Mothers' Meeting notice, parish magazine*.

Horticulturists predict an outbreak of tinselitis on Christmas-trees this year.

It is still a custom, we read, in some parts of London, to give Christmas boxes to the police. Barrow-boys are said to be busily searching the shops for cigars with yellow bands on them.

In case there is an opening for a new Question-master when the B.B.C. feature *Twenty Questions* is revived, it is pointed out that Sir Hartley Shawcross is in fairly good practice.

Britain's tallest policeman is to retire. The rest will all be moved up an inch.

### Home Hint

"Jean went into the kitchen and lighted the gas under the porridge pan, plucked down a row of varicoloured bowls with one hand, gathered the milk bottle off the window-sill with her elbow."—*Magazine short story*.

A motor engineer predicts that the bodywork of the car of the future will consist mainly of rubber. It is pointed out that more luggage space would be available in an elastic-sided boot.



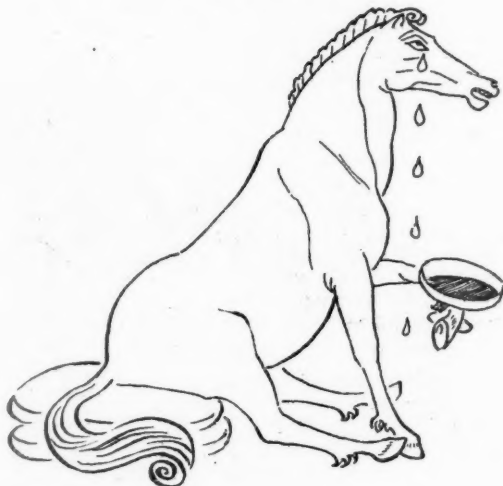


## An Oversight

TO the ghost of a great official, to men who ride and men who race, to all the readers of this paper I owe a handsome apology. I said last week that I did not know the name of the horse whom the Emperor Caligula appointed to be a Consul of Rome; that horse to whom he gave divine honours and a marble stable with an ivory manger and a golden bowl from which to drink his wine.

The name is known and I ought not to have forgotten it. He was called Incitatus, which you may translate, if you please, Spurred On. He has been mentioned before now in English literature during the past five centuries (probably the first reference is to be found in the *Pastern Letters* and in turning over some old papers I find that I had once copied out a few stanzas from a set of verses written in his honour and published (I believe) in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It is there at any rate that they ought to have been published. The lines were entitled:

### The Prisoner



*Fed at the Imperial Table  
Of the Purple Lord of Rome,  
Think not I regret the stable  
Of my early childhood's home,  
Far from all these Tyrian blankets and this  
Persian currycomb.*

*"Incitate! Incitate!"  
I can hear the stockdoves call\*  
When I deal with rescripts weighty  
On Bithynia and Gaul,  
While the prætors bring me bran mash, while  
the tribunes clean my stall.*

*I remember, I remember  
How the maidens used to braid  
This my mane, and boys would clamber  
Up to ride me, unafraid,  
In those happy, happy pastures where so  
long ago I neighed.*

*Sweet it was to roam the meadows  
From the cares of state aloof,  
See the gentle evening shadows  
Slanting on the straw-built roof,  
When no sycophantic senate trembled at  
my lifted hoof.*

*Sweet to see the sunshine dapple  
Acres of my Sabine farm,  
Sweet to crunch the orchard apple  
Where the Sylvan gods could charm  
Danger from the storms and tempests and  
the mountain wolves' alarm.*

*Here at heart I am a stranger,  
Day and night I stand and dream,  
Fret against the ivory manger  
And the golden goblet's gleam,  
Oh, the tender hillside grasses, oh, the  
clear Bandusian stream!*

*Often has the Emperor found me  
Listless-eyed and overfed,  
Weary of the poms around me  
And the regal life I led,  
Pressing to a Parian pillar all in vain  
my aching head.*

*Incitate! Incitate!  
Was it well to be divine  
Or to mix with peasants matey†  
In those rustic haunts of thine?  
Down upon the marble pavement dash you  
bowl of Samian wine!*

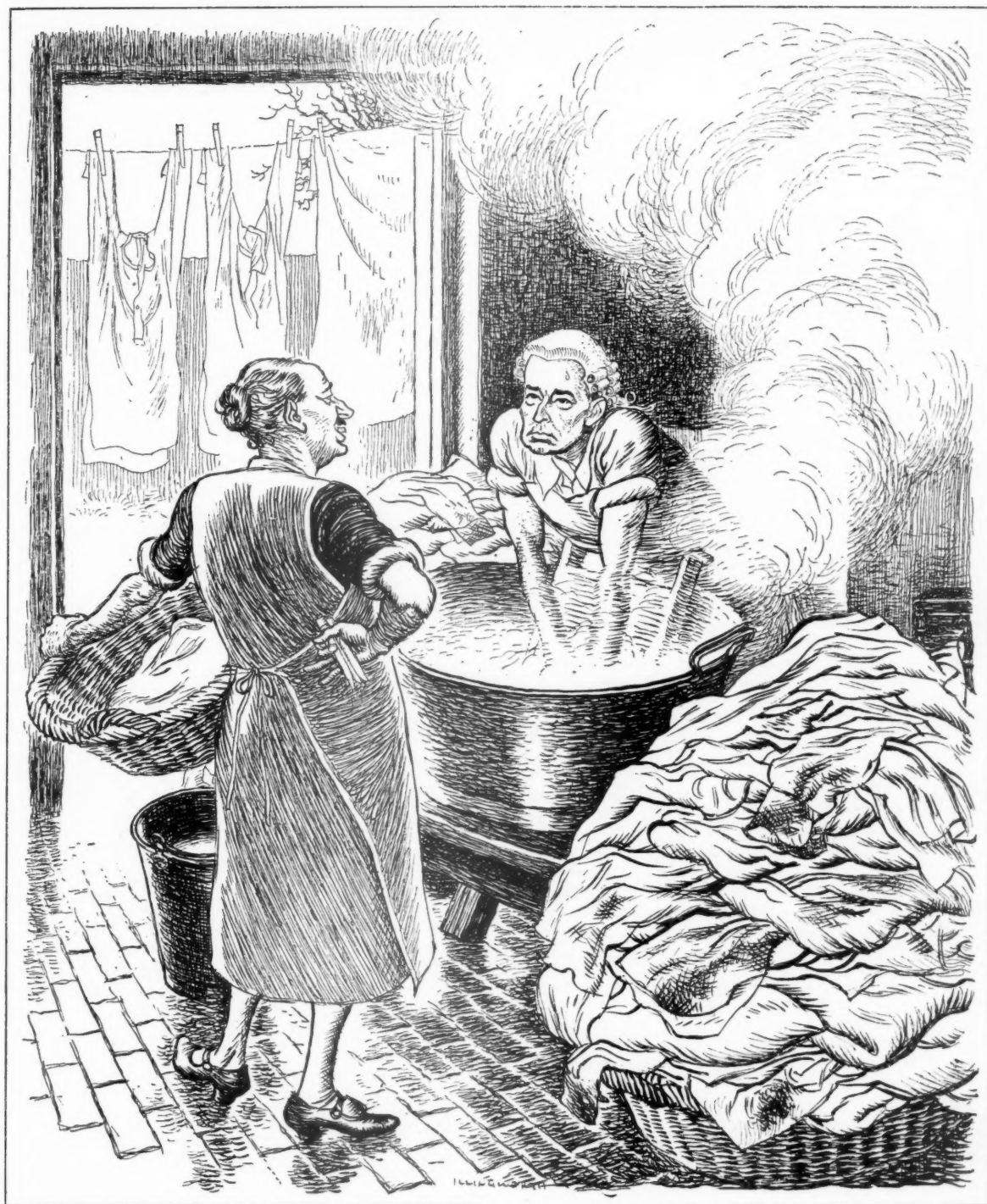
There was more of course. The verses went on to tell how the young horse was broken in by a centurion, how Caligula tried to ride him and had a special pair of boots made for the purpose studded with rubies and pearls: how he was frequently thrown to the ground and came at last to admire the restive and fiery spirit of his steed: how he gave him political preferment and then seeing him pine away allowed him to leave Rome and retire to his native fields; but later (in a very lean year for Consuls) brought him back to office again.

Much of course was mere fantasy, yet I found it as I re-read not without a certain power to move the mind.

Pedants may complain that the writer shows little knowledge of the Civic life of Ancient Rome under the early Emperors. They may say that there seems to be a certain confusion in his mind between Horace and horses, between Incitatus and Cincinnatus, and even between the works of Lord Byron and those of Thomas Hood. But these are small blemishes. It is at least interesting that he anticipates the psychological and introspective method of dealing with ancient historical personages now so very much in vogue; and that he shows a preference if not for austerity, at least for moderation and simplicity in the conduct of public affairs. The drawing underneath the title of the verses is reproduced from a terra-cotta vase dug up in the ruins (I think) of Herculaneum. EVOE.

\*These birds very rightly used the Vocative.

†Probably one of the earliest uses of this particular adjective.



### IN THE WASH-HOUSE

"Well, Hartley, do you think we shall need the new soap ration next year?"

## All That's Best of Dark and Light.



"'Ere y'are, gents: sport your favourite's colours."

TO be able to enjoy your past life is to live twice over. Martial said that, making a passable pentameter of it in his own tongue, and I wrench it in here because Twickenham, on a Tuesday in December, is as good a place as any (bar Lord's, perhaps) to test the truth of the saying. The teams come cantering out and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the years roll back, the old familiar sensations return: there has been nothing since memory began save this eternal, unvarying spectacle—Oxford, small, dark, unkempt and obviously two men short; Cambridge, vast, innumerable, radiating speed and efficiency with every flicker of their freshly-laundered shorts; and in the middle, strange lonely figure, a referee who could not possibly care less.

Others may see the scene with different eyes. The accident of having attended the senior university in an era when Cambridge won four consecutive games by 33—3, 30—5, 22—14 and 14—10 may have produced some curious individual reaction, a deep-seated, ineradicable thingummy, not shared by the general. All right—rats to the general. These old eyes have in fact (so the records assure them) been privileged to witness many a spirited movement by Oxford backs in the intervening years, much deft passing and running, which culminated, in a number of instances, in an actual score;

but here and now, on this seventh day of December 1948, they can discern as they peer into the misty past only an interminable succession of Cambridge tries, great slashing runs by Smeddle and Fyfe, huge kicks from Wooller, sizzling dashes down the middle by those other tiresome Welshmen, Windsor Lewis and Cliff Jones. Life has consisted (bar a brief interval for war, and no lemons either) of an endless supply of objectionable men in stripes seething and buzzing about a thinly-held Dark Blue goal-line. I write without bias, simply stating the facts as I see them. To be able to enjoy your past life is to die a hundred deaths—as I dare say Martial would have admitted if he had been able to cram so many fatalities into the second half of an elegiac couplet.

I see I have a note on my programme that the match began this year at 2.14 P.M. by the North Stand clock, and it was no more than 2.18 when the excellent Hofmeyr dropped a long, long kick which floated away in an astonishingly leisurely manner and finally clomb above the northern bar to put Oxford three points up. So the mood of mild pessimism which I have attempted to describe received some alleviation before five minutes had passed. It was to receive more. For the next twenty-five minutes the Oxford team played as if they were beyond question the better side. Four

minutes after the dropped goal only a sad fumble on the line prevented another score, then Cannell made a great effort on the right and was nearly in, then Green broke through in the centre and with several forwards up a score looked certain until a last-minute knock-on restored Oxford supporters to their seats. At 2.35 Hofmeyr cut through, Stewart came up from full back to make a man over and Gill, masquerading as a wing three-quarter in the way wing forwards have, banged over in the far corner. This, with a good conversion, was 8—nil, and nine minutes later Cannell beat three men to get almost to the line and flip an inside pass to the younger Van Ryneveld, who scored. Cannell is fast and strong, with a good hand-off and the resolute air of one who knows where he is going and what he is going to do when he gets there—the best back on either side.

At this stage Oxford ceased to get the ball from set scrums. Their two wing forwards no doubt had instructions to flatten Glyn Davies, which they did—keeping, one likes to think, carefully on-side the while—but six men cannot hold eight indefinitely, and the Oxford pack, whose strength and weight has filled so many columns of newsprint in the past six weeks, were increasingly pushed about as the game went on. Wing forwards have a right to flatten fly halves at convenient moments, certainly; but when your backs have shown themselves perfectly capable of scoring tries it is nonsense to concentrate on anything but getting the ball back to them with all speed. But what can a spectator do to help? He is forbidden, under Law 10, to go on the field at half-time; and one's shouted advice to shove them off it is, as usual, utterly disregarded.

It is only fair to add that a man behind had no better luck with his bitter adjuration to a Cambridge three-quarter to "do something with it, you clot."

There is a choice of pastimes at half-time. One may survey the vast crowd,



*I like the way the modern  
scrum half—*



*gets extra length  
into his passes—*



*by throwing—*



*himself too—*



and ruminate on the essential niceness and straightforwardness of the middle classes; how patiently they sit, lighting their pipes, every man of them ready to die rather than admit that he can make both ends meet. Or one may observe the two teams, grouped protectively in their respective herds like caribou, and recall how at other and perhaps less exalted half-times one's captain would spur his team to even greater exertions with considered words of praise: "Well run, Harry," "You're in cracking form to-day, Bill," "How's the knee, Roger"—until at last his eye alighted upon one's own modestly deprecating form and he would hurl his lemon-peel away with a final "Good work, chaps. Keep it going." Or again one may run one's eye, as I did, down the list of schools represented by the thirty players on the programme, and note with pain or pleasure, each according to his lights, how the old great names seem to be giving way before the new. Sedbergh and Oundle, with three men each, more than hold their own; but where is Uppingham? Where is Marlborough? Where are Sherborne and Cheltenham and Clifton? These questions stir a memory:

"And yet Time hath his revolutions: there must be a period and an end to all temporal things—*finis rerum*—an end of names and dignities and whatever is terrene, and why not of De Vere? For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality."

That is lovely prose, is it not? It forms part of a judgment of Chief Justice Crewe, who lived—as old Rugby footballers, with their flair for dates, will readily remember—from 1558 to 1646; and I think His Lordship may be forgiven if he rolled it off his tongue with a certain satisfaction. The quotation comes in here chiefly because it cost me a deal of time and trouble to track down, and one does not like to see good work wasted; but it also enables me to go on asking,



"Yes, dear, I think they're called loose mauls because—



—they're so much tighter than tight scrums."

Where is Fettes? Where is Loretto? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Rugby, which I know for a fact had an exceptionally good XV last season? What has happened to these young men? Have they all gone down the mines, Daddy? Or may we hope to see them next year, when their moustaches have come more fully into their own?

Cambridge came very near winning this match in the second half. Their three-quarters, it is, I hope, fair to say, never looked a very formidable machine, but the forwards played a grand game, Glyn Davies broke away at last from his escort and ran superbly for a try which Holmes converted, and a penalty goal a few minutes later brought Cambridge within striking distance at 11—8. They struck, too. For what, to this quaint old partisan, seemed an unendurably long time they swooped about the Oxford line in the old familiar way. Smith, at outside centre, made some strong straight runs to support his considerable reputation, Gloag on the left wing came very near making one or two bricks out of remarkably little straw, Dorward and several of the forwards were only held up on

the line. Then there was a tragedy—bravely borne in some quarters. One of the Cambridge centres, when in the Oxford twenty-five and, if memory serves, with two men outside him, chose to attempt what looked like a short kick ahead, Oxford's Van Ryneveld—not the forward, the other one—got a foot to the ball, kicked it ten yards ahead and found himself in the wide open spaces with only one man to beat, and a perishing long way go to. His subsequent journey has been widely commented on in the Press, and I shall not dwell on it here, beyond remarking that it is a great thing to be young and fit.

That was 14—8. Referee Bean began to clock-watch. One or two members of the middle classes, whose essential niceness was not so immediately apparent, came barging their way down the rows as they always do. But one kept calm; it had been a cracking good game to watch. I said so five minutes later. "Cracking good game, wasn't it," I said to a contemporary I met on the way out, and he agreed. "Cracking good," he said.

I suppose the word dated the pair of us, irrevocably. H. F. E.



I wonder how soon—



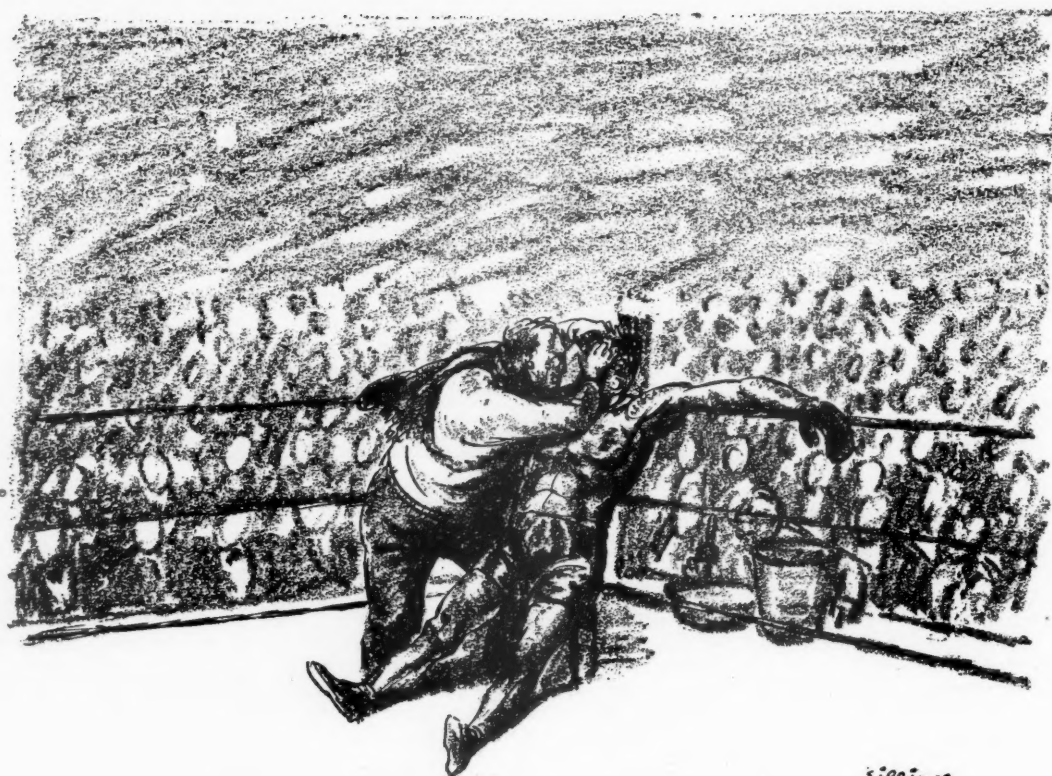
the habit—



will spread—



to kicking.



*S. S. S.*

*"You had him worried that round. He thought he'd killed you."*

## *A Man's Crowning Glory is His Hat.*

**Y**OU know," said Wycherley, "we should all look rather guilty if our affairs were examined in the cruel white light of public scrutiny. Even the most innocent transaction can be made to appear sinister if you—"

"I once knew a man who called the two sides of his banking account Sinister and Dexter," said Wallbank brightly.

Nobody laughed. Wycherley snorted and in doing so somehow clouded his spectacles. He waited for them to clear.

"Even the most ordinary transaction can be made to appear sinister," he said, "if you probe deeply enough in all directions. There is a presupposition in people's minds that an investigation will disclose something nasty, so they're suspicious from the start. Now Sir Hartley Shawcross was very obviously—"

"One night during the war," said Agar, "I'm just paying for a drink in

a pub over in Lambeth when a fellow comes up and asks me if I'll swop my pound note—the one I've got in my hand—for one of his. So I tell him why not, I'll buy it, try anything once, and what's the trick? He says there's no trick, mate, but he's noticed that my note is one of the old ones without the metal thread running through it, and don't I know such notes are very safe money to have about you when you're trying to dispose of enemy bombs, as he was? I didn't get it, so he explained all about some bombs going off by clockwork, some by magnetism, and so on. If you had metal nails in your boots, he says, that'd do it: so would metal buttons or suspenders or a metal thread in a bank-note. Well, naturally I let him have it, bought him a drink and wished him luck. When he's gone the barman says I'm a mug because the fellow's no more a bomb-disposal type than I am, and wants my note to send through the Customs. It seems the old notes can't be detected by

X-ray, but the ones with the thread can. Then he asks me how much the fellow's given me for my quid, and I tell him, why, another quid in exchange. He says I've been had properly because the old notes are selling everywhere for twenty-five bobs. You could have knocked me down with a fender."

Wycherley said that wasn't quite what he had in mind.

"I agree," said Fulman. "Just about this time last year I told the boys in the office I'd be obliged if they'd let me have any sixpenny bits they happened to come across, and a week later every one of 'em produced a great fistful of the things. I couldn't very well refuse 'em, so I had to take the surplus to the bank, and didn't I have a job explaining them. No questions were asked of course, but you should have seen the cashier's face when I told him I'd managed to get rather more than I could use in the plum-pudding."

"That was your own dam' fault," said Wycherley. "What I was about—"

"Like me, last week," said Faddiman. "I got into a terrible mess through travelling from Leicester Square to Piccadilly on the Tube without a ticket. There was a shocking crush at Leicester Square so I thought I'd pay at the Piccadilly end. Well, I got there and was just going up the escalator when a horrible thought struck me. If I offered the ticket-collector the correct fare of three halfpence would he imagine that I'd travelled much farther—from Southgate or Cockfosters, say—and was trying to swindle the Underground? I went hot all over. So when I got to the top I gave the collector sixpence and pushed on. Hey, you! he said. Where from? Everybody looked at me and I went purple. I've come from—er—Holborn, I said. No, sorry, Arnos Grove. Make up your mind, chum, he said, and everybody sniggered. I had to pay him another sixpence before I got clear. He wouldn't listen to my explanation, and now, I suppose, I'm a marked man."

"That isn't exactly the kind of thing

I had in mind," said Wycherley. "Sir Hartley Shawcross—"

"I don't want to make a mountain out of a molehill," said Ogilvie, "but nothing could be quite as humiliating as an experience I once had. I was sitting in a café somewhere in Birmingham, waiting to give my order. Somebody had left three pennies on the table as a tip, and as it happened I wanted to make a phone call rather urgently and had no coppers. So I pocketed the pennies and put a three-penny-piece in their place. Then the manageress came over with a waitress and said she'd be obliged if I'd leave instantly and save her the trouble of calling the police. I left my hat and the manuscript of a novel on the next chair and I've never dared to go back for them."

"If you really want to know what it's like to look a perfect fool," said Wrixby, "take my case. The wife sends me shopping—during the war this was—and I set out determined to make good. I get to the butcher's and he's weighing me out a piece of bone and gristle when I see that his hand's touching the scales. Mind you, the shop's full of women, all of 'em in a

hurry. Anyway, I'm furious, I see red. So in a voice heavy with sarcasm I say I'd prefer it if he didn't weigh his thumb with my ration. Everybody looks and the butcher stands petrified. Then I see that his thumb's touching the weights side of the scales, not the meat side, and is my face red? He doesn't say anything. He leaves that to the women. Cor!"

"By the way, Wycherley," said Wallbank, "what was that you were saying about Sir Hartley Shawcross? You're not suggesting, are you, that—"

"No," said Wycherley. Hod.

#### Editor's Delight

"Manifest nonsense though this is, we feel that no harm, and possibly some good, may be done by a reiteration of our editorial policy."—*Gloucestershire paper.*

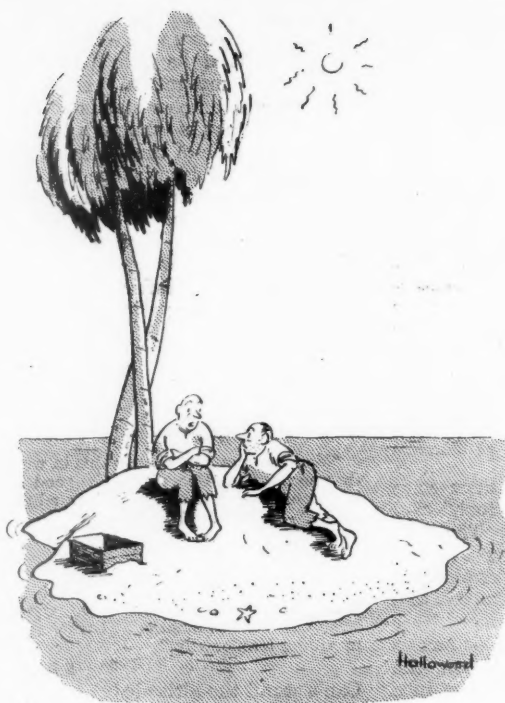
"Magnificent Skewbald Pony, rising for years, trained for the show-ring. Open to strictest vet. examination. Owner giving up riding temporarily."

*Advt. in West-country paper.*

Can't stand the altitude?







"By my reckoning we must be somewhere in the hard currency area."

## More Abilities

SO far I have said nothing about the ability to dance. There are many kinds of dancing, only one of which involves whizzing round on one toe and wearing unlikely eyebrows. It is a tense accomplishment best left to experts. The kind I want to talk about now is known as ballroom dancing; at least that is what most of my readers were brought up to call it. The basis of ballroom dancing is the ability to walk backwards and forwards, with small journeys out to one side, and it is done in time to some music known nowadays as a dance band. In the early days—this is an historical note, not much to the point but packed with information—ballroom dancing consisted of gavottes and minuets, classy but tremendously old-fashioned affairs doomed to be ousted by whatever it was that came next. Old-fashioned dancing reached its climax with the veleta, a word confused by none but the woolliest-minded with palooka but still a bit of a muddle because it is much the same as some other dance very like it.

With the invention of the foxtrot modern days were reached, but only just, and nowadays those of my readers who have a sure grasp of this accommodating dance—consisting, as I have said, of walking backwards and forwards and to one side—may consider themselves as out-of-date as they do. We are now back on the question of ability. Putting aside the fact that there are now all sorts of extraordinary dances which no one who has not tried them can attempt, the world is divided into the people who don't dance even the foxtrot, those who say they've forgotten how, those who give no clue and those who rough out a few anticipatory steps when the wireless or gramophone

suggests it. However, one of the main features of twentieth-century dancing is that it is danced in pairs, one half of the pair being responsible for the steering and general enterprise, so that in practice you get the experts and the apologizers all mixed up into couples and no more likely to bump into other couples than to tread on their partners' feet. I do not mean that everyone treads on everyone's feet—that would be a gloomy and unbalanced picture—but that a good deal of telepathy goes into avoiding a constant possibility, and that anyone trodden on is always awfully nice about it. Before I leave ballroom dancing I must mention that the people who have reached the height of this particular sphere of achievement are called champions, and that the thing about dance champions is that each couple of them seems, from the print about them, to have won every championship there is.

LET us go on now to another artistic ability—the power to sing in four parts, though of course only one of them at a time. Four-part singing may be divided into very high, medium, tenor and right way down, though it is not so divided by ordinary listeners except when some outburst calls attention to an individual effort. Usually the top voice, the one everyone can hear, gets the publicity. But part-singing, as those who have tried it know, is much more difficult to the people underneath, and very average singers can only carry the project through by pretending the others aren't there. It is an easily discernible talent, and out of four people persuaded to sing a round while doing a jigsaw puzzle, at least one of them, the one who suggested it, will be in at the finish. Now for a very well-known artistic ability; the one known as being able to write a book if only you had the time. This is as much a part of life as liking tea just as it comes, so much to be expected that those to whom it is said can hardly believe their ears. I don't think there is much to be said about the ability itself, except that those who say they have it are rarely contradicted. Actual writing, the sort that results in pages of words, is an indefinable process which writers will define like mad when they are in the mood, so I needn't say anything about that either. It is sometimes thought that writers are not practical people, but many of them sit down to work feeling quite yearningly efficient in every other department of life and would gladly leave their writing to knock up a small wardrobe if someone were to persuade them that a small wardrobe was suddenly necessary. Statisticians say that it rarely is, suddenly, but that some more positive motive accounts for all the books in the world.

SOME people can remember birthdays, others cannot. This ability is like remembering telephone numbers, a somewhat advertised talent in which occasional lapses don't count. A good birthday-memory extends to people last seen at school, but for practical purposes it means relations and those old-established friends who happen to say they have just had a birthday, when the procedure is a volley of greeting and amazed recollection, a bit overdone but aiming to be the equivalent in goodwill of a picture postcard delivered on time. In the home circle few are given a real chance to forget a birthday, but it is possible, and for some reason rather clever, for its owner to have got up and nearly finished dressing before noticing.

Finally I must mention the ability to remember obscure dates and anniversaries; to be able to reckon the age of a carpet-sweeper or to ask people suddenly if they remember this time last year. It is not always a practical ability, often doing nothing more than winning an argument, but it never fails to impress the people who have it. ANDE.



## Meeting the Schol Train

**T**HIS is a one-man Mass Observation. Seven times now I have been one of the operative fathers at Paddington, meeting the end-of-term train containing "The London Squish" of a certain flourishing prep.-school. Figures apply only to families involved with this single school. My rough breakdown of numbers over the two and a bit years gives me a working average per occasion of:

50 boys being met, and, meeting them,  
45 mothers  
35 fathers  
10 elder sisters  
20 younger sisters  
6 porters  
7 dogs on lead  
3 various (see ff.)

### BEFORE ARRIVAL OF TRAIN

(Main groups watching Arrival Indicator, some drifting towards rumoured platform of arrival)

Family groups arriving at least half an hour before Bradshaw-advertised time of train's arrival .. .. .	40
Train minutes late (average) .. .. .	37
Dog-fights .. .. .	1
Elder sisters annoyed at having been brought too early; and bored with whole project, anyway .. .. .	8
Younger sisters with nose-bleed .. .. .	2
Younger sisters carrying puppies .. .. .	2
Younger sisters carrying pet rabbits clutched to chest .. .. .	1
Mothers looking harassed .. .. .	38
Mothers calm but dewy-eyed .. .. .	2
Mothers blubbing .. .. .	1
Mothers carrying bulging string bags .. .. .	15
Fathers carrying anything more than umbrella and gloves .. .. .	0
Mothers wondering if there's been an accident "up the line" .. .. .	30
Fathers wondering why they've left their offices for this .. .. .	22
"Old Boy" fathers fraternizing too heartily .. .. .	8
Fathers sent to stand in taxi-queue .. .. .	4
Number of families block-booking services of each available porter .. .. .	37
Porters on to a good thing .. .. .	6

### ON ARRIVAL OF TRAIN

(All groups on platform)

Dog-fights .. .. .	2
Elder sisters evincing some interest .. .. .	3
Younger sisters with nose-bleed .. .. .	4
Mothers harassed and dewy-eyed .. .. .	40
Mothers blubbing .. .. .	5
Fathers evincing some interest .. .. .	35
Boys' heads hanging out of windows .. .. .	50
Boys looking rather green .. .. .	7
Boys looking grubby .. .. .	47
Mothers kissing boys .. .. .	45
Fathers kissing boys .. .. .	3
Fathers shaking hands with boys .. .. .	16
Elder sisters kissing boys .. .. .	0
Boys kissing younger sisters .. .. .	0
Boys kissing dogs .. .. .	7
Boys with shoe-laces undone .. .. .	37
Mothers whose first action after kissing boys is to brush boys' hair back with hand .. .. .	42
Younger sisters showing puppies to boys .. .. .	2
Younger sisters showing pet rabbits to boys .. .. .	1
Boys carrying form prizes .. .. .	12
Boys boasting of form prizes while being kissed by mothers .. .. .	12
Fathers being called "sir" by boys—by mistake .. .. .	4
Boys looking lost, with nobody to meet them, sitting on luggage .. .. .	2

### TEN MINUTES AFTER ARRIVAL OF TRAIN

(Groups still on platform, or waiting for transport)

Dog-fights .. .. .	0
Elder sisters bored .. .. .	10
Younger sisters with nose-bleed .. .. .	2
Boys with nose-bleed .. .. .	2
Mothers still blubbing .. .. .	2
Fathers standing in taxi-queue .. .. .	10
Porters jingling wealth in pockets and expecting more to come .. .. .	6
Boys who have lost caps .. .. .	3
Families who have lost luggage .. .. .	7
Fathers carrying things other than gloves and umbrellas (e.g., cricket-bats, footballs, golf-bags, brown-paper parcels, string bags, watering-cans, hoes, rakes, vegetable marrows and other horrors resulting from school encouragement of 6 ft. by 5 ft. allotment gardening behind pav.) .. .. .	35
Fathers still being called "sir" by boys .. .. .	0
Casual fathers arriving (late) to meet boys .. .. .	2
Boys unmet .. .. .	0

For my next inquiry I'd be glad if parents would write and tell me within how many hours, or days, perhaps: (a) Boy complains that there's nothing to do. (b) Boy quarrels with sister(s).

Mr. PUNCH sends his commiserations to those who are now at this stage of their Christmas shopping. Many, of course, avoid this fashionable form of schizophrenia by the simplest means—they give subscriptions to PUNCH. PUNCH for a year is not only the most entertaining of gifts, but it will come as a reminder of you every week of the year. We send each recipient a Greetings Card with your name inscribed. You can arrange it either through your local newsagent; or direct through this office by posting names and addresses with your remittance (30/- Home; 34/- Canada; Elsewhere Abroad 36/6) to:—PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4, England.





*"I presume your little boy is the normal destructive type."*

## Prener Garde de Collections

**By Smith Minor**

**I** THINK you ought to read this if you are one of those people who do things for other people. Some are and some aren't, but I happen to be a bit, not because I actually like it but because, well,

"At night with Conscience you're attacked

If you've eschued the day's Good Act."

(If you're not sure what eschued is, it means "didn't do.")

Well, anyhow, the Good Act I decided to try and do this Christmas was to help a poor old man with swalms of children whose pigs had run away, he having five (pigs), but more children, in fact fourteen (children)\*.

\* Honest, he let me count them. *Author.*

they being what you might call his main posseshuns (the pigs). One couldn't help being glad for the pigs, as it meant they could go on living *un peu* longer, saying they'd found a safe place to run to, but this old man told me that it meant ruin for him and that now he wuoldn't be able to put anything in his children's stockings, so I spoke to Green about it and asked if there wasn't something we could do.

"Do you mean, look for the pigs?" he said.

"No," I said.

"Then what do you mean?" he said.

"That's what I'm asking," I said.

"We certainly couldn't fill fourteen stockings," he said.

"We might get some others to help us," I said.

"How?" he said.

"Look here," I said, "am I asking you or are you asking me?"

"You're asking me," he said, "but that doesn't mean I can answer you, suppose I asked you which end of a worm chopped in half decides what both are to do?"

"I'd have a shot at it," I said, "and I'd probably say the longest end, though mind you I wuoldn't be sure, they might each deside for themselves, it needs thort."

"There are times, young Smith," he said, "when one wonders why you were born, but as you have been we have to put up with you, so I'll do my best." Then he closed his eyes the way he does when he's thinking, he does it best in the dark, and then he opened them and said, "How about a Fund?"

"*Mon chapeaux !*" I said. "*C'est vizoir !*"

"Wiz what?" he said.

"Never mind," I said. "I suppose you mean we go round to doors collectting?"

"No, I mean you do," he said. "All I do is to give you the idea."

Now if you think that was what's called rather dimn of him, well, I did a bit, but (1) you've got to remember he didn't know the old man like I did and (2) he'd hurt his foot in a rather queurios accident at football by kicking the goal-post instead of the ball. And then he did make out the Subscripshun List for me, that is, the Sheet on wich one hoped the list wuold be, heading it LOST PIG FUND and drawing five pigs on one side and fourteen empty stockings on the other, it was jolly hot.

Well, came next day, and

"Well-rapt in hat and scarf and coat,  
Becorse I had a slight sore throat."

I salied forth, as they say, with the list, that is sheet, and wondered what wuold happen, beginning a long way off in case what happened wasn't good, you see then no one near wuold have to know.

The four first people who's doors I went to weren't cross or anything like that, the only reason they cuoldn't give me anything being,

(1) Her money was upstairs.

(2) Her husband was out.

(3) She would if she could but she never did.

(4) She was sorry she couldn't stop to hear more about it but the milk was boiling over.

Well, after writing "Blanche" after the four first numbers, I'd put down twenty, I tried No. 5, the door being opened this time by a deaf man sans teeth.\* At least, as far as I could make

\* See Shakespeare. *Author.*



out, he had them somewhere but didn't know where.

"That's all right, I can jest understand you," I said, "and perhaps you will me if I shout, so do you feal you'd like to give anything, it being Christmas, to a poor old man with fourteen children whose lost them?"

"Swoh?" he said.

"No, his pigs," I said.

"Swoh woh?" he said. I mightn't of got it exackt.

"He's lost them," I said.

"Snogoo," he said.

I tried one more thing, wich was to show him the list. It took him a long time to read it, I think he was sans specktales as well as sans teath, but when he had either (1) read it or (2) given it up, he put his hand into his pocket and to *mon astonishment* bròrt out half-a-crown! I was so surprised that he had closed the door before I cuold thank him. Of corse, being sans specktales he might of thort it was only a penny.

As I was leaving I past a policeman and wondered if to ask him, policemen being more kind than you'd think and I once seeing one give a penny to a pavement artiste, but I desided not, and the next door was opened by a maid who took me into a room full of rather sad poeple, so I thort I'd better ask who she thort I was, and she said hadn't I come to have a tooth out?

"No, I'm collekting for a poor man whose lost his pigs," I said.

Then she took me out again and gave me sixpence.

"I say, can you aford it?" I said.

"No," she said, "but mine's a gloomby job and a bit of sunshine's worth paying for."

Then came Ye Shock! I found the policeman outside again!

"What are you doing, young man?" he said, coming up to me.

"Colleckting," I said.

"What for?" he said.

"A man who has lost five pigs," I said.

"Has the Charity been registered?" he said.

"Do you mean I must send the money through the post?" I said.

"No, I mean you mustn't colleckt it at all unless you're registered," he said, "you cuold be emprisoned. How much have you got?"

"Three shillings," I said.

"Strictly speaking, you shuold give it back," he said.

"Then of corse I will," I said, "only it's a pity as he's got fourteen children, I was going to add ninepence myself, and so was Green, he's a boy I know."

I tell you, that policeman was a desent chap! Why, he not only said

he'd what you call wink at it this time, but he gave me threepence himself. So wasn't I right about them?

Of corse I had to promise not to colleckt any more, and so that afternoon I took the 4/9, that's what it came to, to the man who had lost his pigs, and then came Ye Shock No. Two. All the pigs had come back again!

But I gave him the 4/9, jest the same, becorse it meant 4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>d. more for each of the fourteen stockings, and, well, why not?

"St. —'s Players. In the Schoolroom, next Wed., Thurs. and Sat. At 7.30 each evening. Doors open at 7.0. FOOLS RUSH IN. By —."—From a poster.

Better stay in the queue with the angels.

## Corrigendum

**H**EUCHERA sanguinea speciosa  
Is NOT another name for London  
Pride,

And every honest gardener who  
grows a

*Heuchera sanguinea speciosa*  
Has pointed out that Saxifrage  
*umbrosa*

Is what our triolettist should have  
tried—

*Heuchera sanguinea speciosa*  
Is NOT another name for London  
Pride.

\* \* \* \* \*

(I'm sorry, Mr. Editor—I lied!)



"The mink coat had a sentimental value—it cost me two thousand quid."

## A Calumny Answered

WE at Ormondroyd's boiler-works are so cut off from the world in our remote corner of the Yorkshire moors that it is hardly surprising we are sometimes the victim of misapprehension. I have heard the most astounding assertions made about us, accusations of bad manners, cannibalism, spare-time wood-carving and even bird-watching, and have allowed them to pass unanswered. When, however, a periodical like *The Times Literary Supplement*—to name no names—describes our recent harvest festival as a disgraceful orgy and calls for investigations on a high level, I feel it is time to make some rejoinder. I cannot do better, I think, than quote the true and unbiased account which appeared in "Filings from a West Riding Workshop," the social column of the *Cleckersyke Stentor*. Here it is—level-headed conscientious reporting at its best.

### HIGH JINKS AT CLECKERSYKE CLOUGH

#### BOILERMAKERS EN FÊTE

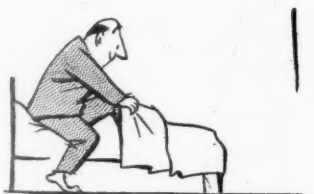
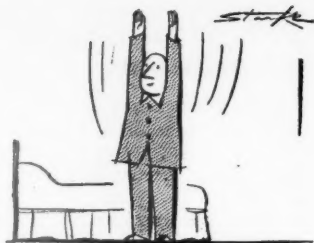
People who argue that boilermakers are grim gloomy folk, too wrapped up in their own boilers to be capable of enjoying themselves, would have done well to repair to Cleckersyke Clough last Saturday, when Ormondroyd and Ugghaw's held their annual combined harvest festival, floral fête, conversatione, sale of work, eisteddfod, athletic sports and *bal masque*. The famous boilerworks was for a brief season the lodestar of the entire district, the attendance being estimated at over ten thousand, including visitors from all parts of the West Riding and representatives of the Nicaraguan Trade Delegation now visiting Huddersfield.

The proceedings opened at two-thirty sharp with an address by Mr. Jabez Ormondroyd, the venerable head of the firm, in which he said that although boilermaking was a serious business, the man was not a good boilermaker who could not find time for occasional wholesome relaxation.

He would like to stress that word "wholesome." People who had come to Cleckersyke Clough that afternoon hoping for the rapid forms of amusement so prevalent to-day, such as cycling and Corinthian bagatelle, or for the excitements of the roulette table or the cigar divan, would, he was afraid, go away disappointed. To the rest he extended a cordial welcome.

To the accompaniment of cheering led by Mr. Hargreaves, the popular works manager, he then declared the factory grounds open, and eager visitors streamed away in all directions to enjoy the feast of pleasure provided. Few were disappointed. There was something for all tastes. The committee, under Mr. Hargreaves, had worked with a will, and the works had been turned into a veritable fairyland for the occasion, many of the largest boilers being decorated with floral tributes, flags of all nations and shrunken heads on loan from the Dyak Section of the Cleckersyke Science Museum. The Ormondroyd Silver Band were in attendance, under their gifted conductor, Mr. Josiah Heppenstall, and his infectious laugh was much in evidence during a hilarious rendering of the "Zampa" Overture, which continued for the rest of the afternoon, with a break for tea. The tropical forests of Brazil might well have joined hands with those of Western Australia to vie with the blaze of blooms which confronted the astonished patrons of the floral marquee. The sports, as usual, were won by Mr. Hargreaves, and, as expected, the same versatile executive carried off not merely the bardic chair at the eisteddfod but also the bardic wardrobe, table, folding-bed, and three-piece dining-room suite with standard lamp.

The sale of work proved a hive of activity, some beautiful raffia man-hole-covers, made by the Ladies' Sewing Circle, being knocked down at a high figure. Mrs. Dankshaw, whose prowess as a taxidermist needs no underlining in these columns, was in



great form at the fortune-telling booth, and also won the cake-judging competition, her estimate of 3 cwt. 7 lb., being within 8 lb. of the correct weight of the monster confection on view. There was much acclamation when Miss Undine Heppenstall, who wore a mauve and emerald costume, with fur-trimmed djibbah to match, was elected Queen of Beauty for 1948, while the first prize at the dog show went of course to Mr. Hargreaves for his miniature bloodhound, Mazeppa.

As the afternoon wore on the refreshment-tent presented an animated scene. The tea-urns were in the capable hands of Mesdames Mutcliffe, Aperoyd and Plugden and the Misses Undine and Dymphna Heppenstall, and rock-buns could be obtained on demand. After tea a favoured few adjourned to the Ugghshaw Institute, where a lantern lecture by Mr. Midgley, on "Boilermaking in Tibet and Farther India," aroused much interest. An amusing contretemps occurred when the speaker, apparently through getting some of his slides caught in his braces, slipped and put his foot through the screen, simultaneously igniting the Bessemer high-pressure acetylene projector (lent by courtesy of the Governors of Hilltop Charity School). Although a sheet of flame swept the hall, there was no panic, the audience, with true Yorkshire grit, sitting firm while Mr. Midgley was hurled at a high velocity through the emergency exit. Some disappointment was expressed when it was announced that the lecture had to be abandoned. To fill the gap, that talented amateur, Mr. Joseph Mutcliffe, obliged with a recitation of Book 3 of Lucretius's well-known "De Rerum Natura," and a sketch, "Boiled in Oil," was rendered by the Ormondroyd and Ugghshaw Dramatic Society with great *éclat*, particular applause greeting Mr. Hargreaves' appearance as the Chinese bandits' victim, his howls being voted highly realistic.

A dash for the whist-tables followed, where the final rounds of the contest for the Ugghshaw Trophy were to be decided. The trophy itself, a magnificent amphora or loving-cup of galvanized iron, engraved with industrial scenes and surmounted by a double row of opals and chrysoberyls, was on display in the hall and formed the cynosure of the majority of eyes. There were scenes of great enthusiasm when Mr. Ormondroyd himself presented the trophy to the popular winners, Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves.

After supper, the hall was given over to the light-footed devotees of Terpsichore. Mr. Hargreaves, the popular

M.C., had devised a programme to suit all tastes, ranging from old-time dances such as "Mother McFagotty's Fancy" and "Treacle Toffee," to such modern steps as the "Shimmy" and the "Bunny Hug." The gay throng continued to gyrate to the strains of the Ormondroyd Silver Band until twelve midnight when, on a signal from Mr. Ormondroyd, the lights were cut off and the hall was flooded with Sugden's No. 2 Fluid. The proceedings then terminated with the singing of "That Dear Old Boiler o' Mine" (traditional, arr. Hargreaves), Mr. Reuben Dankshaw presiding at the harmonium. As the guests wended their way homewards to croft, garth, steading, etc., or in the case of the Nicaraguan Trade Delegation, to the Great Northern Railway Hotel, all voted that they

had enjoyed an unforgettable experience.

\* \* \* \* \*

A disgraceful orgy, forsooth! Further comment is unnecessary. So much for the calumnies in certain organs of the Press. Let us hope there will be no more of them.

o o

"Single Bedroom to let (sleeping only)."  
Advt. in "Sidmouth Herald."

Mayn't we even instal our rowing-machine?

o o

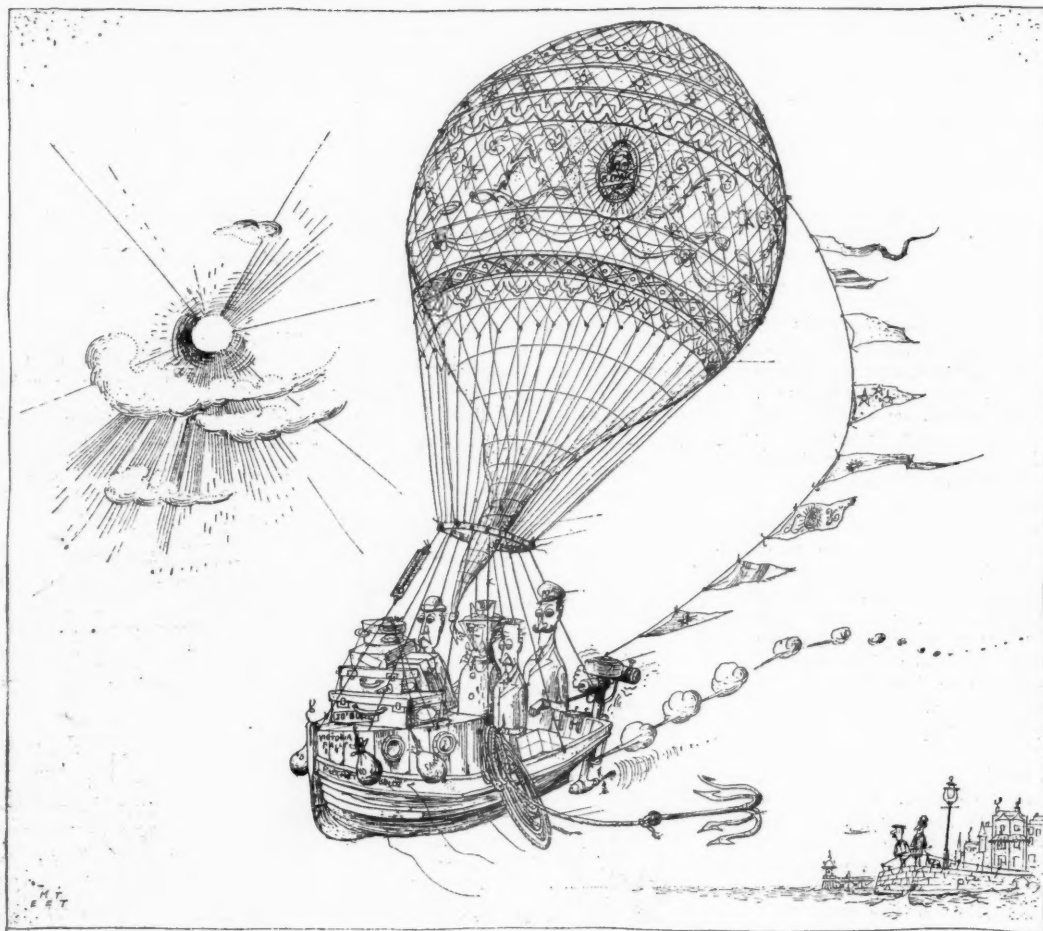
"Handsome Smooth Fox Terrier Bitch Puppies, 3 months. First class guards, companions, vermin killers. Full of character and dead game."

Advt. in "Wilts. and Glos. Standard."  
Do they mean fat?



"Can you tell me where to find a more reasonably priced store?"





"Ah, I thought they'd have to cut down on those terribly expensive flying-boats and things..."

## Ballade of Utter Indifference

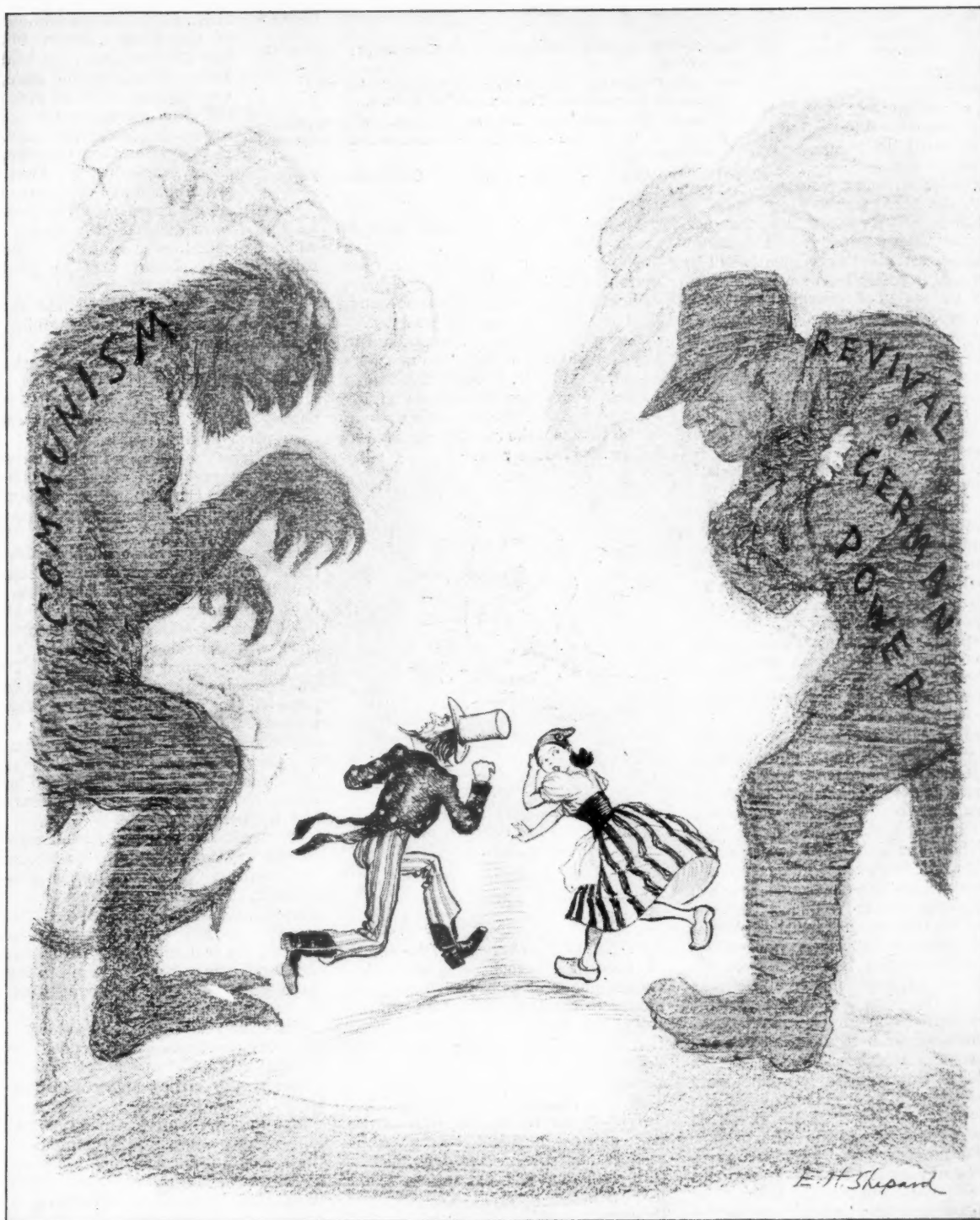
THE Press proclaims its dismal tale  
Of darkness and catastrophe,  
Uniting in concerted wail  
Of universal misery.  
Here they and I part company;  
And so I should, perhaps, explain  
My individual policy—  
I'm going back to bed again.

Let others seek their Holy Grail,  
Let others bang their tympani,  
At any rate I shall not fail  
To play my part consistently.  
From pride and vain ambition free,  
Remote from worldly stress and strain,  
A credit to my pedigree,  
I'm going back to bed again.

Well-meaning friends cannot avail;  
My ears are deaf to every  
plea;  
I don't care if I end in gaol;  
I don't care if the T.U.C.  
Denounce me as an Absentee . . .  
They've taken off the counterpane,  
My pipe is drawing pleasantly;  
I'm going back to bed again.

### Envoi

Prince, have you made that cup of  
tea?  
What? *Woman Levitates In Train?*  
Such incidents are not for me . . .  
I'm going back to bed again.



DOUBLE PANIC

**MONDAY, December 6th.**—If the Commons' rule about "absence without leave" were ever enforced (it has been in abeyance for decades) a great many Members, particularly on the Government side, would have heard the policeman's knock to-day.

Monday is never a crowded day, but there was a more subtle reason for the thin appearance of the House to-day. The main business was the Government's Bill to increase from twelve months to eighteen the period of compulsory national service. Some of the Government's supporters had already made it plain that they were unenthusiastic about the proposal, and when Mr. EMANUEL SHINWELL, the War Minister, began to conduct the Committee stage, he registered no surprise at the wide open spaces behind him.

However, the Conservative Opposition supported the Bill, and it was eventually passed. The division lists showed that rather more than two hundred of the Government M.P.s were absent without leave. The Government Chief Whip, Mr. WILLIE WHITELEY, who is of a philosophical turn of mind, and regards any majority (however composed) as better than none, smiled benevolently. Clearly an amnesty is intended.

The House was not edified by a personal dispute between Mr. SHINWELL and his immediate predecessor in office, Mr. FRED BELLENGER, about what the former had or had not said about the Regular Army. Mr. SHINWELL hotly repudiated the suggestion that he had been "depreciatory."

When Mr. CROSSMAN (well-named, as his speech showed) had completed an attack on the Government, which was all the more telling as coming from the Government benches, several of his Party colleagues jumped up to continue the battle. Mr. A. V. ALEXANDER, the Minister of Defence, got up too—but Mr. WHITELEY was there before him and, by moving the closure, cut out both the Minister's and all critical speeches.

"The Government has blundered from stopgap to stopgap!" cried Mr. CROSSMAN, crossly. "I am giving no vote of confidence to the Minister!"

The most serious discussion was on a Liberal proposal that no young man under twenty, and with less than twelve months' military training, should be sent overseas. This sound proposal, put forward by Mr. EMBRY ROBERTS, had a great deal of support on all sides of the House, and when Mr. SHINWELL

## Impressions of Parliament

**Monday, December 6th.**—House of Commons: M.P.s Go AWOL.

**Tuesday, December 7th.**—House of Lords: Prize Bill.  
House of Commons: The Export of Money.

**Wednesday, December 8th.**—House of Lords: War Pensions.  
House of Commons: At the Cinema—and Exported Money Again.

**Thursday, December 9th.**—House of Commons: Foreign Affairs.

described it as a "wrecking amendment" there were shouts of protest.

Mr. WHITELEY beat the critics once more and whipped in a swift closure, bringing the debate to an untimely end. And the Liberal proposal was lost.

Not a day that could be entered in the Government's diary as one of its happiest. But Mr. WHITELEY was able to tick off another measure as having been passed, for the remaining stages of the National Service Bill were taken before the House rose.



Impressions of Parliamentarians

64. Mr. A. B. Baxter  
(Middlesex, Wood Green)

**TUESDAY, December 7th.**—Their Lordships were hearing about the Government's plans to distribute prize money to the Royal Navy and to the Royal Air Force. It was announced that the categories of those entitled to share were to be extended to cover several classes not previously included. This, as a consequence, meant that the "divi." would be smaller, but, as the new entries included convoy, commodores and their staffs (who, astonishingly, had not figured in the original list) nobody resented this belated tribute to Justice.

LORD HALL, First Lord of the Admiralty, announced the total pool available as £5,125,000, and said an ordinary seaman would get about

£4 10s. to £5, a Captain, R.N., £18 to £20, an Admiral of the Fleet between £40 and £50 free of tax. Several Lords criticized the scale, arguing that it did not make sufficient allowance for the responsibilities of high rank. But LORD CORK AND ORREBY, as an Admiral of the Fleet, proclaimed himself "peculiar among naval men" in that he had always disliked prize money, which he looked on as an insult to the Navy, which should not be paid specially for doing its duty.

"However," said Lord C. and O., his Irish sense of humour triumphing, "these views did not prevent my accepting prize money after the 1914-18 war!"

Thus reassured, their Lordships passed the Bill, and the share-out will take place in due course.

Question-time was by far the most interesting period in the Commons. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS made a personal appearance, and had to answer a good many queries.

One series related to an allegation that Customs officers were asking travellers abroad whether their journeys were really necessary. Was this, the Chancellor was asked, in accordance with the rules?

Well, no, replied Sir STAFFORD. It was necessary to know *where* a traveller intended to go, and for *how long*, because different rules applied to different countries. But as for asking *why* the journey was being made, that was not according to the book, and he apologized if any over-zealous officers had been in error.

Sir STAFFORD was less forthcoming on the question of permits for money to be sent abroad. Tory critics complained that his Department had allowed £5,000 to go out of the country to aid striking miners in France, but had cut down to £500 the amount it was proposed to send to the same country to erect a war memorial to the British fallen.

The Chancellor nimbly avoided a hail of questions, and replied to several: "*That's another question!*" This left the critics angry and frustrated.

But in a written reply he circulated immediately afterwards he announced that he had decided to meet the point about war memorials, and would allow up to £5,000 to go to any soft-currency country for that purpose.

**WEDNESDAY, December 8th.**—As if to show that (whatever his views on prize money) he believed in





"The trouble is that it's come right in the middle of my law exams."

the greatest possible financial aid for those who have suffered, and are suffering, for their country, Lord CORK AND ORRERY led an attack on the Government in the Lords to-day. He demanded the setting up of a committee to inquire into war pensions. Lord ADDISON vainly tried to stop the avalanche by announcing that the Government would regard the setting up of an inquiry as a reflection on its own competence.

"Can't help that!" cried most of the House, in effect, and proceeded to defeat the Government on the issue. When the voting figures were announced—47 to 30—Lord ADDISON assumed that resigned expression he wears so well, and so often. In due time he will be asked what he intends to do about the proposal. Meanwhile, Lord CORK AND ORRERY and his friends are cutting another notch in their fountain pens.

The business of the House of Commons was a discussion on the finances of the cinema industry, but it was (to borrow a little local colour) faded out to make way for a fierce little exchange over the transfer of money from Britain to France and other countries. It was complained that the Chancellor, Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, had shown political

discrimination in the matter, and one Tory Member went so far as to suggest that his actions were "dishonourable."

This brought Sir STAFFORD to his feet with a hot protest. Giving the

(to the general approval) promptly rejected by the angry Chancellor.

Sir STAFFORD said he was allowing funds to go to democratic forces abroad and to no others. "And," said he, frostily, "I feel this is the *only* policy to pursue; and I shall *continue* to pursue it!"

He had allowed the £5,000 to go to the French miners because it was an old custom among British miners to help others in distress. As for the money for war memorials, he was glad to be able to authorize that.

A little overawed by the Chancellor's cold anger and hot indignation, the House dropped the subject.



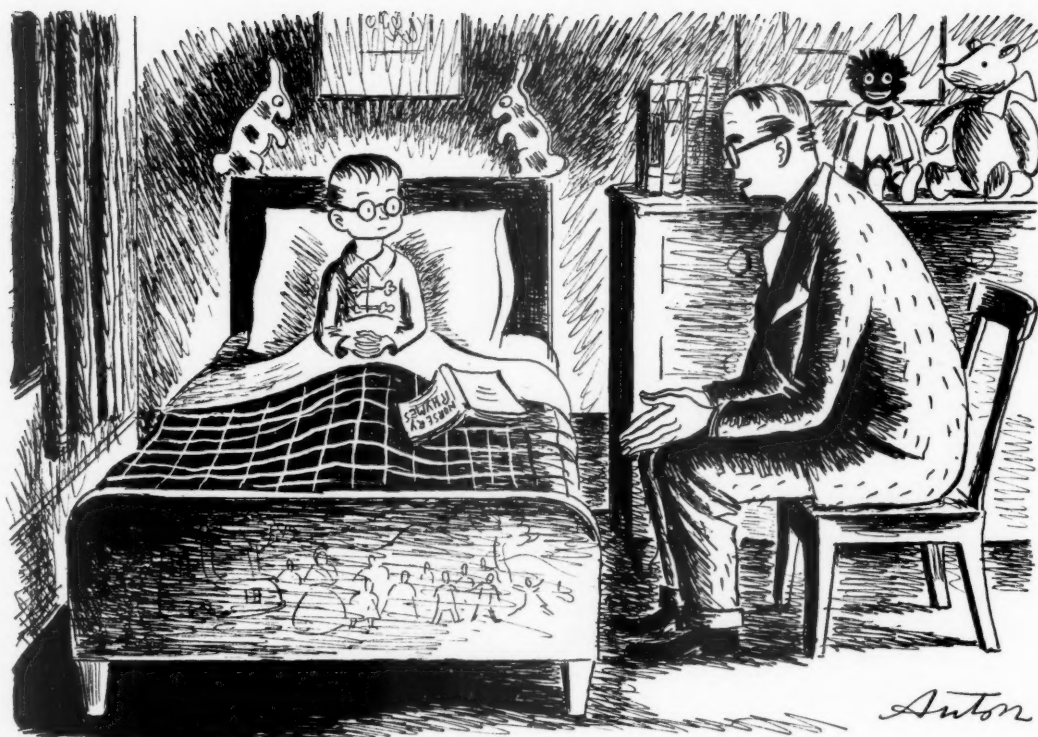
#### Impressions of Parliamentarians

65. Mr. J. H. Wilson (Ormskirk)  
President of the Board of Trade

Dispatch-box a resounding whack, he denied doing anything "dishonourable." A hasty attempt by the Tory critic to differentiate between "personal" and "political" dishonour was

**THURSDAY, December 9th.**—Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, the Foreign Secretary, absent ill for some weeks, returned to the House to-day for the opening of the foreign affairs debate, and all the stars on both sides of the House were there too—Mr. CHURCHILL and Mr. EDEN, Mr. ATTLEE, Mr. MORRISON, all lined up for the "probe" (to borrow an overworked word from "another place") into foreign policy.

Mr. BEVIN rambled, in a monotone, through the entire world, and he seemed to most observers to be far from well. The debate was no more inspiring.



"... and MRS. Jack Sprat, of course, was merely endeavouring to correct a vitamin B deficiency."

## Short Guide to South America

### IV

**ARGENTINA.**—Well, here we are at our target at last, Buenos Aires, the capital, at the far end of the River Plate in Latitude 34° 36' South, almost exactly opposite to Cape Town. Here is a very fine city indeed; and if you can find any good excuse to escape from this blessed plot, this emerald concentration camp, go and see it. It will remind you a little of New York, because of the high skyline and the rectangular lay-out; and a little of Paris, because of the seductive shops, the fine squares and a broad boulevard or two. But most of the streets are very narrow, to our minds. This, they say, was wisely ordained by the forefathers, so that there should always be a shady side in the hot weather. B.A. is not, of course, in the tropics, but in the summer, about Christmas, or January, we gather, it can be pretty *caliente*. We think we mentioned before that you are absolutely certain to be run over. On no account step off the narrow pavement to make way for a lady, for you will

be rammed astern by a tram. Let the lady wait. Also, there are no traffic lights, and not many policemen: and the drill at most cross-roads is that all cars rush madly across at right angles, hoping for the best. Sometimes one of them draws up screaming, on its haunches, sometimes not. The Underground, they say, is one of the best anywhere; alas, we never got down there.

But this is, without doubt, the City of the South (we have never seen Cape Town). This is the more creditable in that God has given it no high mountains or blue bays for adornment. For hundreds of miles the land is as flat as a White Paper on Productivity. But what miles of parks and palm and tennis-court on the road to Palermo and San Isidro, where there is a race-course (*hipódromo*) as good as Goodwood (if only there were a hill or two). Here, on the Día de Raza (Columbus Day) they had a special horse-race in honour of our Conference—"Premio Congreso de la Confederación Inter-

nacional de Sociedades de Autores y Compositores." There! Imagine the Jockey Club naming a race in honour of authors and composers! The mounting of the Argentine jockeys, by the way, is a sight worth seeing. They disdain all aid, dig their heads into the horse's neck, and, somehow, are on top of the highest animal in a twinkling. The Argentines have a queer foreign currency called *pesos*, and we lost a few of these very happily, after the largest lunch in the history of racing and literature.

All is done in lordly and civilized style. We went alone to a Turkish Bath—a bold act, we thought, for it is alarming enough to go to a strange T.B. if you know the language. Compared with the humble heateries which we visit in London, this was the Taj Mahal of Turkish Baths. As we retired to dress the attendant offered us a tin of powder, and as we left he not merely produced a comb but arranged a towel over our shoulders for the reception of flying locks. Such attentions we have never had before.

The shops, ladies, would stagger you, would drive you mad, being full of delicious things. We wish we could take you all, with our kind guide from the British Council, to the Shop of Bags. Handbags are a speciality of "Industria Argentina", bags of crocodile, bags of alligator, bags of antelope and lizard, beautifully made and fitted. We could not bring you any, dears, for you have to get a permit to bring them out of the country. This seems odd, for the Argentines are short of foreign currency, and, one would have thought, would like to sell their goods. And then, when you get home, you must pay 100 per cent. purchase tax on them. Such is the state of planned intercourse between the free peoples of the world.

Some of the prices would stagger you too. Imported American nylons were about two pounds a pair: and those made by the same firms locally nearly half that. Still, you would enjoy your shopping and strolling. The assistants are very friendly and helpful. "Florida", the B.A. Bond Street (about the same width), is closed to motor traffic most of the day, so you can do a magnificent window-shop without fear of your life. We commend this notion to the L.P.T.B., the L.C.C. and any other body with important initials. It is good. All the shop-windows, of course, are gaily lighted after dark: and after sundown, they say, the beautiful young things begin to saunter and stroll along Florida in their best. But about that we cannot swear, for we were always preparing, or making, a speech at this important hour.

Wherever we went in South America we caused a public holiday. Always it was the day when somebody declared his independence and shook off the fetters of somebody else. Of our first six days in Buenos Aires three were public holidays, a pretty good average. Tuesday, the day of arrival, was also the Day of the Race (Columbus Day elsewhere). Sunday was the third anniversary of the day when the *descamisados* ("shirtless ones") "stormed the Bastille" and carried President Peron from prison to power. This was a real holiday. Not one waiter, barman, porter, or chamber-maid was on duty at any hotel, restaurant or club. Special trains brought crowds of patriotic citizens from the country to the big meeting on Sunday evening, and they could hardly be expected to get back to work on Monday morning. So (at the end of the President's speech) Monday was declared a public holiday too. Well, there are one or two Big Days in British history: but we don't have holidays on any of them. The

signing of Magna Carta, the Bill of Rights, the Restoration, the Act of Union, the Armada, the absurd failure of Fawkes, the successful burning of Parliament in 1834—if we had a drop of South American blood in our veins we should celebrate these anniversaries, and many others, by an outburst of organized leisure. We must look into this. The Curve of Productivity might "flatten" somewhat, but what of that?

A foodless day is probably good for the visitors from Europe. But do not suppose that we ate too much. We never got as far as that. In our case, at least, not only the British Stomach has achieved atrophy through under-exercise but the British Appetite as well. It is at first intellectually exciting to be handed a menu the size of Kew Gardens and flit in fancy from one strange flower to another. We felt no end of a devil the first (and almost last) time we ordered a Britishly illegal meal, soup and two dishes, say. But by the end of the first dish the habit of years had asserted itself, and we wanted no more. We even gave up ordering eggs for breakfast. The novelty soon wore off. As for the famous Steaks, or "Bifes," we were never much of a carnivore, and we could not face them. We could do no more than nibble round the smallest kind of steak (about four Britons' ration for the week), though the slender ladies about us seemed to swallow them whole. And, mind you, before the "bife," if you are not careful, you have had, or attempted, *fiambres*, the Argentine *hors d'œuvres*. This is a miscellaneous plateful, mainly meat-stuff—slices of ham, bacon, sausage with perhaps a pork-chop on top.

Talking of eating, we were sorry to miss the party given to the delegates at a great cattle *estancia*. First, they heard an eloquent speech on the peaceful arts from the Governor of the Province of Buenos Aires. Then they had an *asado* (or "roast"). The delegate who reported the occasion to me was so stupefied with meat that he could not remember the name of the place. But he murmured: "A large estate. Lodges at the various entrance gates—a central mansion—pleasant parkland—handsome trees—flowering shrubs, and grass almost as green as England. In a clearing near the house—large wood fires surrounded with spits—on these, carcasses—"

"What sort of carcasses, old boy?"

"Sheep," he muttered, "twenty or thirty sheep—roasting. And in the distance they looked like enormous KIPPERS!"

"Well?"

"Well, on grills round the fire were set VAST quantities of sausages and

various kinds of sheep's fry. We sat in the sun at long tables and had a first course of sausages, fry, kidneys, liver, etcetera."

"Etcetera?"

"A small portion of salad. Each portion," he muttered, "about one month's ration for one chap in England. Wine flowing freely, old boy."

"Yes?"

"And after that—course after course of large chunks of SHEEP! Couldn't compete, personally. But it seems the *gauchos*—cowboys, you know—have a ration of one sheep between three men every two days—and are inclined to complain it's not enough."

"They lead an active life."

"They can have my share of sheep," he moaned.

After this they returned to the spiritual plane, we gathered (from another witness), attractive folk-dancing, *gauchos* showing brilliant horse-control—and speeches.

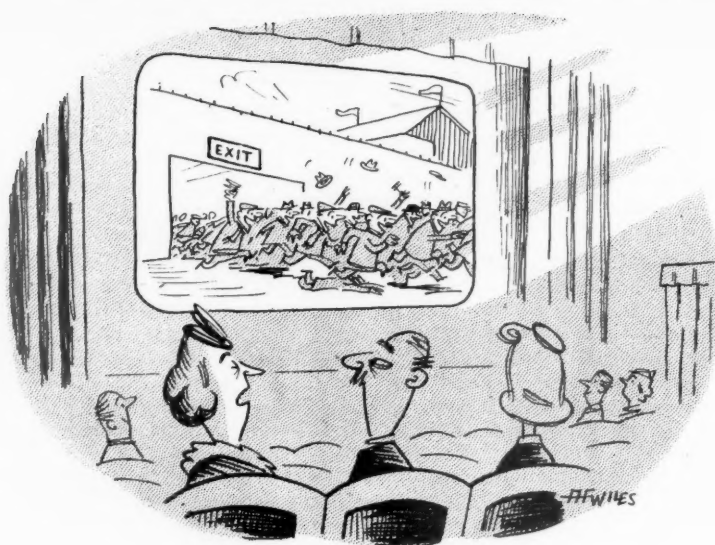
Personally, we spent the day preparing a speech for the hospitable Pilgrims' Club, that evening: and perhaps it was as well. The English-speakers got together very merrily: but we did not eat so many sheep.

We much enjoyed our day in the Delta. The Delta, about thirty miles wide, is a maze of channels, small and big, connecting the great rivers which flow into the Plate (many of the "small" channels would count as high-grade rivers in England). Plenty of water, very little tide—it must be one of the best yachting places anywhere—sail, steam, cruise, fish or race. Indeed, we have never seen so many small private ships, such palatial yacht-clubs. Have, at least, a day in the Delta, if you can.

As for magnificence and style, the gala night at the Teatro Colon (Columbus Day) was a staggerer too. The building is much taller and grander than Covent Garden: someone compared it to the Scala (which we have not seen). The President was in one box and his Lady in another, and, in between, such a dazzle of dames and diplomats, orders and decorations and diamonds and merry military uniforms as we never saw outside Seton Merri-man or Marion Crawford (though those authors might have been surprised by the patriotic singing of loyal groups in the gallery between the National Anthem and the Ballet). A very large, luscious and lavish land is Argentina, with a great big ball at her feet. Foreigners there may tell you that she is heading for financial disaster. But then, they say, so are we. And we don't make quite so much food.

A. P. H.





"Isn't this where we came in?"

## In Every Direction

I WAS in the Employment Exchange waiting to be directed. Sitting next to me was a chap wearing brown corduroys and a duffle coat. He looked me up and down quickly and said: "Bet you've never met anybody who sold his own poetry in Charing Cross Road from a barrow painted bright red."

I said no, I hadn't.

"Meet me," he said. We shook hands.

"Of course for a time I was a bus conductor. Didn't last long. Used to overcharge the passengers who wore fur coats and gold watches and let the workmen ride buckshee. Never any complaints about the money, mind you. Always got my totals right. They said it was the principle."

"What about the poetry?" I said.

"And it isn't everybody who exposes a racket in a military nut-house. Psychiatrists are queer chaps. I told one I felt a bit down in the mouth. Didn't even mention suicide. Three days later I was inside. No boot-laces, no razor-blades, no pencils, no string in my pyjama trousers. They said I was a manic-depressive. Took me a fortnight to prove I was sane. Finished up with a job on the staff as a mental nurse."

I began to think it might have been a wasted fortnight.

"One interesting job I had was teaching shorthand in a commercial college. Got on famously with the students. One day the principal came

into my speed practice class and found me dictating matter from the *Daily Worker*. Decent fellow, though. He said I was in a position where I could influence people's minds and I was taking advantage. I could see his point. Didn't tell him I'd been doing the same thing for three months. Might have upset him."

"Move up one," I said. We moved up.

"Where was I?" he said.

"You were telling me about the racket you exposed in the military nut-house."

"I'm coming to that," he said.

"You know, if you want to understand Napoleon's dictum you ought to have a shop of your own. I once had a green-grocery in a London suburb. Rather liked the independence at first. After two years I got scared stiff. Could see the immediate future. Horrible sight. Three shops in three London suburbs; expansive waistcoat; pictures once a week; 'Good morning, Mrs. Jones, and how are the baby's tonsils?' Well, I sold out to a chap who was just like that. Managed to take a few fittings with me before he had time to read the lease. Nice chap. Retired policeman with seven kids."

"About that commercial college," I said.

"My old grand-dad knew a thing or two," he said. "Wouldn't touch anything unless it was illegal. Wherever you see an opening, he said, jump in

with both boots. I think I must have inherited something from him. That's probably where I got the idea about Harringay dog track."

"What was that?" I said.

"Never go into business with a sleeping partner," he said. "Went into the cinema business with a sleeping partner. He did the sleeping and I got all the bad dreams. Sort of chap who used to earn a shilling and spend one-and-sixpence. I mean, one should put a few stamps on the employees' cards once in a while. And credit doesn't stretch to heaven. And the Government gets upset if it doesn't get its income-tax. Above all, you must pay the local rates, I always say. After six months we were five hundred pounds in debt. Not so easy, you know, when you have to change your name, live in another district and tell everybody that you've just arrived from Australia."

"Move up another one," I said. We moved up. "I don't quite see what that has to do with Harringay dog track," I said.

"Don't get impatient, old man," he said. "You see, shortly after packing up that whisky distillery in South Hackney—"

"What whisky distillery?" I said.

"Oh, didn't I tell you about the whisky distillery?"

"No."

"If you ever want to develop a loud voice," he said, "get a job barking at a fun fair. When I was on Wanstead Flats I used to shout 'Watch the indicators, please!' for hours on end. After a bit of practice I could make myself heard above the Rollie-Coaster and three roundabouts. Sixpence a ticket, and you stand a chance of winning a tin kettle, six fish-knives or a hand-painted ornament. On Bank Holiday Monday I thought I'd make it more interesting by offering prizes of oranges and bananas. Four Food Ministry officials explained that I was contravening six regulations. In front of the magistrate I quoted Bacon—'It is a prince's part to pardon, and Solomon, I am sure, saith, It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence.' He didn't appreciate literature. I took the seven days."

"Soon be your turn to be interviewed," I said.

He said "Things have changed. Started to sell my own blood-transfusions at thirty bob a time when the voluntary donation scheme put me out of business. Even spread to Scotland, this giving-it-away idea, so I came down from Glasgow where I'd been selling something that looked like vinegar to the fried-fish shops. Didn't

have to put the ingredients on the label in those days. Made the mistake of having a fish supper in a shop where I'd sold some vinegar. Manager recognized me. Three miles to the station. Ran all the way."

"By the way," I said, "what sort of job do you think you'll be directed into?"

He said "Look at Denmark. Sixty-four adult residential colleges. This country's got sixteen. No wonder the working-class is going to the dogs. Tried to start something like that. Working men's college, self-expression, Greek plays, Beethoven, civics, lectures on Russia, all the works. Didn't go down, so I gave them what they wanted. Held classes on 'An Appreciation of John Barleycorn,' and 'An Approach to Permutations and Combinations with Some Remarks on the Evaluation of X.' Of course there may have been a card-school going here and there. Possibly one or two bets being taken. You can't be everywhere, can you?"

I agreed.

"My old grand-dad used to say 'If you can't fit into the pattern, make one for yourself.' Secret of my success. I carried it into practice just after leaving that saccharin company..."

"What saccharin company?" I said.

"Oh, didn't I tell you about the saccharin company?"

"No."

"Now take boot-repairing," he said. "Conservative affair, mind you, but right down to earth. As a second-class operative in South Kensington I had a chance to experiment. Used to draw caricatures of the customers on the soles of their shoes. All done with shoe-nails and kindness. Shook me by the hand, told me shoe-nails were scarce and customers were touchy. Nice chap, though. Didn't say a thing when he found five dozen tins of polish and a box of boot-laces in my pockets. All ready to start a small line to hawk on the public thoroughfare."

"Excuse me," I said, "I must go. It's my turn to be interviewed."

The clerk at the desk said "Has that chap in the brown corduroys been talking to you?"

"Yes," I said. "Why?"

"Sad case," said the clerk, "but he's giving us a bad name. We're only allowed to *persuade*, you see, and we can't make up our minds whether he's a taxi-driver, a plumber's mate or a public relations officer. Been coming here for weeks. Can't seem to fit him in to anything."

I was so put out I found I'd volunteered for the mines by mistake.

## Tree in December

STILL the air,  
cold the land,  
sterile and surgical  
stoops winter in his snow-white overall:  
and feels with sensitive fingers  
my almost-lost  
pulse-beat beneath  
the anaesthetic frost.

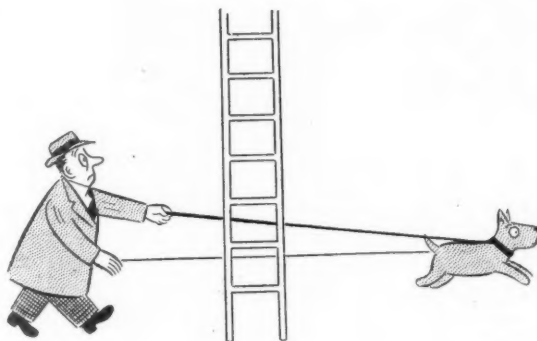
Deep, deep  
drug-tranced,  
dreaming  
I sleep.

Not summer's golden, rain-sweet  
wantonness  
do I remember,  
nor my nakedness  
drawn on that draughtsman's board  
December's sky:

I feel the air with my branches,  
the earth with my roots,  
but I  
withdraw into my being:  
my thoughts are dry  
as my own sap.

Sleeping, I hardly know  
if it is sunshine keeps me warm,  
or snow.

And I dream of men rooted like  
trees,  
their restlessness  
stilled, waiting immobile  
until life cries "Yes!  
awake!"  
and the trance melts,  
and their whole being feels the sap's  
new flow. R. C. S.



**B**YOND the Horizon was EUGENE O'NEILL's first full-length work. He won the Pulitzer Prize with it in 1920, and although it is certainly a hefty slice of gloom I cannot help feeling he was rather lucky to do so. Some of the characters are by no means convincing, and the end seems to leave a lot unsaid. The theme is frustration of one sort and another on a one-horse New England farm rapidly going downhill, and the tragic events it describes are presented with the utmost realism. At the New Lindsey the play is given a fair chance to show its paces.

A small farm only just keeping its head above water can be sufficiently depressing, but when there is added a delicate son who spends his time looking out thirstily to the horizon with a book of verse open in his hand then things can easily be a lot sadder. I must say that *Robert's* decent grime-caked father and his hard-working brother *Andrew* treated him with truly Christian forbearance, for it must have been maddening to return in the evening from a killing battle with Nature at her most pigheaded to find him rhapsodizing over the beauty of the sunset. He might at least, I mean, have peeled the potatoes for supper.

When the play opens *Robert* is about to go off with a swash-buckling sailor uncle to taste the dubious joys of encircling the world in a schooner. At this critical moment, having got what he wanted, he makes his big mistake by declaring his half-hearted love for the neighbour's daughter in the confident belief that *Andrew* is her man. Not so. The tenacious girl has adored him from so high; and before the evening is out they are engaged, he has sworn to stay and farm, and it is *Andrew* who, after a frightful row with his father, goes off with the uncle. By the time *Andrew* looks in again, after three years, on his way to a good job in Brazil, the old man has died and *Robert*, his marriage and the farm are all in a bad way; but their condition is nothing to what it is on his next visit, five years later, when *Robert* is on his death-bed with T.B., his wife is almost crazy with

worry and misery and the farm is no more than a nasty mess at the bank. With his last breath *Robert*, ill-advised to the end, urges his brother to marry his widow (whom *Andrew* detests) for the curious reason that he has suffered less than she. As the curtain went down on *Andrew* showing signs of accepting this uncomfortable legacy I felt confident he would quickly make

*Beyond the Horizon* (NEW LINDSEY)—*One Wild Oat* (GARRICK)

## At the Play



[*Beyond the Horizon*]

### FARMING DEPRESSION AT NOTTING HILL GATE

<i>Ruth Atkins</i> . . . . .	MISS LUCIELLE GRAY
<i>Mrs. Atkins</i> . . . . .	MISS HARRIET PETWORTH
<i>Robert Mayo</i> . . . . .	MR. RAYMOND WESTWELL
<i>Andrew Mayo</i> . . . . .	MR. JOHN McLAREN

up the deficiency. These great jumps in time leave gaps which are awkwardly joined. A point is made of the singular devotion of the brothers, for instance, yet in five years *Andrew*, a kind and practical person, hadn't bothered to find out how *Robert* was getting on, though he was already dicky when he last saw him. There are, however, fine passages in the play, particularly between these two, and Mr. RAYMOND WESTWELL as *Robert* and Mr. JOHN McLAREN as *Andrew* give sound, intelligent performances. As *Ruth*, Miss LUCIELLE GRAY passes from earthy simplicity through wildcat resentment to bitter exhaustion with considerable power. And this whole

Freudian imbroglio Mr. ROBERT HENDERSON has packed resourcefully into a small space.

Mr. ROBERTSON HARE is like one of those memorable ducklings of Rouen, in that his truest flavour is missing until he is pressed hard; and it is not until the second act of *One Wild Oat*, Mr. VERNON SYLVAINE's new farce at the Garrick, that his proper essence is crushed out between those inexorable forces, adversity and Mr. ALFRED DRAYTON. Mr. HARE is an innocent

solicitor, Mr. DRAYTON a monumental cad in greyhounds, and while Mr. DRAYTON has the hide of a pachyderm, and looks, as he rolls an eye warily in appraisal of domestic danger, remarkably like one, Mr. HARE is born to suffer. We like him best when he is suffering most, when the solitary escapade among the buttercups of his bicycling youth seems about to rise up and wreck his home, when he is able to cry out in the deepest abandon of anguish (and as only he can): "Oh, the agony of body and soul!" The texture of the farce is thin and it is somewhat biological for the little ones, but it serves two notable drolls pretty well and has some excellent moments, such as Mr. HARE's lyrical account of youthful waywardness and Mr. DRAYTON's astounding impersonation of an elderly Gaiety girl. Harassed wives are represented expertly by Miss CONSTANCE LORNE and Miss RUTH MAITLAND, Miss JUNE

SYLVAINE and Mr. ROBERT MORETON uphold young love triumphantly, while Miss VIOLET GOULD as the shadow from the solicitor's past (if a shadow can have knees whose shape concerns us vitally) and Mr. CHARLES GROVES as a fully-licensed stage butler are both funny in their own rights. All the fooling has a nice gloss on it, thanks to Mr. RICHARD BIRD. ERIC.

"Roasting chickens will be almost unobtainable this week; firms and dealers holding off for end-of-year trade. There may be a few boiling bowls in the shops."

Sunday paper.

Empty, though.



## Amos Revisited

### IV

FROM time to time someone having a meal served over the bar will ask for the "sweet," which is usually, of course, apple-pie; and having his attention thus drawn to it one day Amos said he had often thought of making a study of apple-pie.

"The big mystery about it is this, which I've never heard anyone solve," he said: "How on earth did it come by its dual rôle? There must have been two different kinds of apple-pie."

"There still are," someone observed.

"Oh, I know the *basic* difference, between the good old home-made kind and the kind you get in a . . . a restaurant" (he glanced cautiously at the barmaid who had probably had something to do with the cooking of the present example), "which usually consists of water-biscuit and mashed turnip, made slightly acid with lemon-juice and sprinkled with flakes of celluloid. That doesn't account for its dual *metaphorical* reputation. Reconcile the apple-pie bed with the fact that to make it fit to sleep in you have to put it in apple-pie order."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have thought of the perfect title," he said once, "for an historical play, an absolute natural for broadcasting." He stood up, threw his raincoat over one shoulder, stared wide-eyed at the door, and declaimed the title: "*But Who Comes Here?*"

Unfortunately a man was just coming in, a short man with a bus-ticket stuck in the band of his hat, and the immediate result was to scare him out again; but as soon as we grasped that these words were the suggested title we asked whether Amos intended to write the play.

He replied: "No need. It has been written, thousands of times, about practically every historical period. Why," he added, sitting down again gloomily, "I shall probably be switching it off again next week."

\* \* \* \* \*

Amos's habit of coming in with a great pack of what looks like manuscript, which he declares to be a book he is at work on, I have mentioned before. Nearly every time, he says it is a different book; but I shouldn't be at all surprised to hear that it is always the same pack of manuscript. He identified it most recently as his *Anatomy of Nostalgia*, and leapt in at once with argument when a member of the company advanced the usual objections to that popular word.

"Overworked it is," Amos admitted, "but it certainly shouldn't be dropped, it isn't *correctly* overworked. It means something now for which there isn't any other word."

"Homesickness."

"Nonsense. It may have started by meaning that; to-day it means incomparably more. It means that—that wish to recapture an atmosphere, a mood, a feeling, that one experiences through what I can only describe as a sixth sense. You accidentally get a whiff of the atmosphere of some past time, it may be 1940 or it may be what you *think* of as the atmosphere of the eighteenth century, but there it is, it exists somehow, and if it's in any way attractive nostalgia is what you feel about it."

Silence seemed to suggest disagreement, and he kept on: "Why, it isn't even necessary for the atmosphere to be in any way attractive. What one finds pleasurable is the—the travelling back to it, the sheer process of recalling

it. I've got a chapter about the chief reason for the popularity of the detective story: simply that it provides a handy, compact, concentrated dose of synthetic nostalgia. What's so absorbing about the end of a detective story? Simply that it takes you back again to the atmosphere of the beginning, so that you can get the feeling of it all over again—and yet still be interested in it, because your frame of mind is different: you now know who did the murder. That's the whole secret: synthetic nostalgia."

Nobody felt like arguing. The simplest way out of the subject was found by the man who said: "Can we have a look at that chapter?"

"Oh," said Amos instantly, taking a firmer grip of his manuscript, "you'd find it illegible, I'm afraid."

This was probably true.

\* \* \* \* \*

"As I grow older . . ." Amos paused. We didn't say a word; resigned, he began again: "As I grow older I find I grow less, not more, philosophical. On every side you'll find the assumption that the philosopher is the old man, full of experience, mellow, reposing in uncertainties and aware of the futility of attacking them. But I was far more philosophical when I was young. Nothing could exceed my indulgence for other people's follies; it was my pride to be philosophical. I used to read Epictetus."

He threw out this last statement as if it would startle the pants off us, but the only result was that someone said "I used to read the footnotes in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, A man told me he'd found a misprint in one and I used to try to find it. Kept me busy for years."

Amos looked sourly at this contender for the limelight and said "Not long enough."

\* \* \* \* \*

"He writes," said Amos of a novelist whose book he had been reading, "like an observant, malicious, very young man whose upbringing was in the hands of exceedingly light-hearted elderly actresses." R. M.

o o

## The Tern Island

THIS is the island of the terns, and cold  
Rain-heavy drives the west wind of December,  
The waves rush shrilly over it, moon-rolled,  
To shatter on the stones, and we remember  
Long days in June, an ocean still as gold.

As a bright lunula which some dead bard  
Took to his grave, his music closed and stilled,  
So shone the ocean, while above its sward  
The white terns dipped, slanted and hovered, filled  
Our ears with cries tuneless and high and hard.

This is their city they have now forsaken,  
The compact territories empty left  
As houses when the tenants flit, but taken  
By scattering wave and rain, of sun bereft,  
That white snow and harsh wind cannot awaken.



"Hullo! There's Butterwick."

### Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Books for Older Children

YOUNG bookworms should be a good deal wiser and, we hope, not too much sadder by the end of a diet of this year's Christmas books which are (except for some adventure stories) crowded with knowledge. Barring *Collins's Magazine Annual* (COLLINS, 12/6), the bound volume of their excellent monthly magazine, there is very little merriment just now. But this particular volume is full of sound amusing fiction, verses, photographs and articles on what to do, make and collect, by most of the best authors for children. It would make a perfect present for a family. Why are we not given the editor's name? There is, too, a good deal of robust fun in *The Otterbury Incident* (PUTNAM, 7/6), by CECIL DAY LEWIS, who writes about an engaging gang of harmless and adventurous schoolboy toughs in a town. These lads get in and out of trouble and are free from the intrusions of the usual careful parents of fiction. It is a first-class book. In *Painted Ports* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 8/6), MISS C. FOX SMITH gives us a grand story about a sixteen-year-old boy who had adventures at sea during the Napoleonic Wars. It is written in style to match the period and, as we should expect from this author, is full of details about sailing ships. *The Hills of Varna* (MACMILLAN, 8/6), by GEOFFREY TREASE, is another good and unusual story about a Cambridge boy-scholar of 1509 who was helped by Erasmus and was sent across Europe in search of a valuable Greek book in manuscript. It breathes the spirit of the Renaissance, and holds a really

thrilling story. Now to our own times. *Mona, The Welsh Pony* (A. & C. BLACK, 7/6) continues ALLEN W. SEABY's excellent series about ponies in different parts of Britain. This time he tells the story of one from foalhood, describes a pageant and introduces some pleasant child characters. The book is illustrated with forty drawings done by the author. LIONEL EDWARDS is responsible for *Our Cattle* (PUFFIN BOOKS, 2/6), with its coloured and line illustrations of many breeds of cattle (beginning with the wild ones) and information about milk production and calf-rearing. It is difficult to choose from among the number of this year's books on natural history and country life, but one of the best is *Hut-Country Days* (SYLVAN PRESS, 8/6), by G. D. FISHER (the "Hut-Man" of the B.B.C.), because of his love for small creatures and his pleasant habit of quotation. He is very informative about how to watch birds and track small animals, and is thoughtful enough to tell us how to avoid pain from bee-stings. The scraper-board drawings by JAMES LUCAS are lovely to look at and worthy of the text. *Over the Hills With Nomad* (UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS, 7/6), with pictures by C. F. TUNNICLIFFE, is another enchanting book, crowded with observations of wild life—particularly birds. In the company of "NOMAD," the famous broadcaster, we meet ravens, gulls in a gullery and are shown an old Columbarium (dove-cote). A good many listeners to the B.B.C. Children's Hour will welcome *Cowleaze Farm* (HERBERT JENKINS, 8/6), by RALPH WHITLOCK with drawings by ERIC G. BELL, but others will think it would have been better to recast the broadcasts as a continuous story instead of reproducing them in their original form. *Birds of the Sea and Shore* (BLACKIE, 3/6), by GLADYS DAVIDSON, F.Z.S., illustrated by ROBERT AITCHEN, F.Z.S., has good text and good pictures. From birds one comes to human flight, and *The Book of Flying* (EVANS, 12/6), edited by CARLTON WALLACE, is a magnificent present for any boy who wants to join the A.T.C. or R.A.F. It has hundreds of illustrations, contains true stories of flights, describes all sorts of aircraft, and is sponsored by the Air Ministry. All the above books are excellent, but, oh! for a book not to be read in a too, too, shady nook, but for gay and funny and spontaneous and, even, silly stories.

B. E. B.

#### Ivor Brown on Words

*No Idle Words* (CAPE, 6/-) is the fifth of Mr. IVOR BROWN's word-books, collections of beautiful or expressive words which are no longer in use and of words still in use but with a different meaning from their original one. *Security*, for example, which once meant *carelessness*, now means the exact reverse, as in *Security Measures*; and *presently* (like *by-and-by*) is no longer a synonym for *immediately*, but has come, owing to human dilatoriness, to signify *in due course*. A word which has degenerated into a mere equivalent of *somewhat* is *rather*, the comparative form of *rathe* ("The rathe primrose that forsaken dies"). Its original meaning was *earlier* or *quicker*, as in Lady Macbeth's "Whereto the rather shall his hard day's journey . . ." *Harbinger*, on the other hand, began prosaically as the term for a mediaeval billeting-officer, and was later transformed into various poetic shapes, such as, in Milton, the odorous perfume which was Delilah's harbinger. A word which has neither sunk nor soared during the centuries is *necessaries*, which, whether "embark'd" by Laertes or flung into a bag by a modern detective, still signify what a traveller deems essential to his well-being. *Orient*, beautiful as an adjective ("The corn was orient and immortal wheat"), has been lamentably degraded of late years as a verb. Lack of space prevents (in its present meaning) an adequate account of the strange

words unearthed by the author; but at least it can be affirmed that he does it shibbuldy in this dandiprat book.

H. K.

### Poets or Saints?

It was Cowley who said of his friend Crashaw that the union of poet and saint was the "hard and rarest . . . which can be, next that of Godhead and humanitie." The techniques of genius and holiness usually proceed in two parallel straight lines and seldom if ever meet. Dr. ITRAT-HUSAIN has set himself an uphill task in attempting to distinguish *The Mystical Element in the Metaphysical Poets of the Seventeenth Century* (OLIVER AND BOYD, 24/-) from the poetic. Of the poets considered, Donne was a Catholic turned Anglican, Crashaw an Anglican turned Catholic, Herbert and Vaughan Anglicans and Traherne a Christian Platonist. The author proposes to relate them all to the main stream of mediæval mysticism; but he has a scholarly tenderness for his fellow-scholars and allows himself so many deviations, to refute or confirm their criticism, that his own valuable clues tend to get entangled. He is at his best with his least mystical subjects: Herbert, the noblest monument of unpretentious Anglicanism, and Crashaw whose convert's humility was content to hymn the illumination he found in his adopted church. This is a specialist's book for specialists, taking for granted the tortuous historical background which—for the ordinary reader and in Donne's case especially—is a necessary approach to the poets' tortuous poetry.

H. P. E.

### Boffin Triumphant

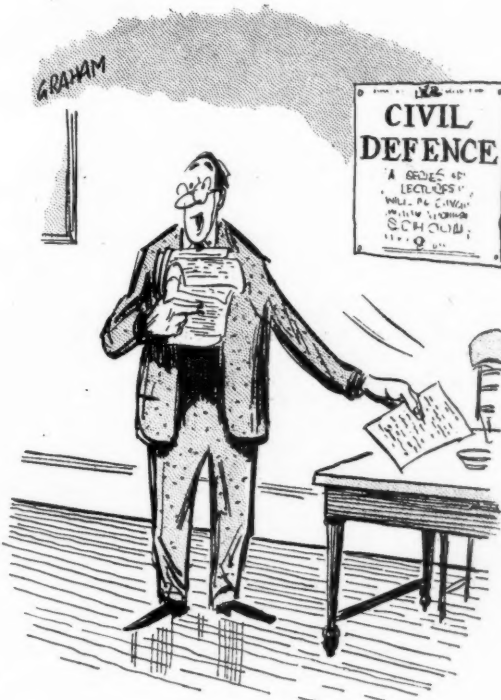
To find a gripping story in fatigue in metal alloys is an achievement, to the credit of Mr. NEVIL SHUTE in *No Highway* (HEINEMANN, 10/6). A new British airliner, the Reindeer, has just gone into service on the Atlantic run. Imagine the official reception of a claim by a notoriously woolly scientist at Farnborough that its tailplane will snap off after so many hours' flying, and imagine the situation of this same Mr. Honey, dispatched to Newfoundland to examine the wreck of the prototype which has crashed after just this number of hours, when he discovers that, contrary to Farnborough's information, the Reindeer he is in has reached the danger point. Had Mr. Honey been a big, confident fellow with a booming voice he might have persuaded the pilot to turn back; as it is he is a gentle pyramidologist, an incoherent little man sunk deep in nuclear mysteries, whom beautiful women want to mother but whom other men listen to with growing impatience. Miraculously arrived at Gander, the pilot decides to take off on the next stage, and Mr. Honey, trembling with emotion yet still confident in his calculations, settles the matter by collapsing the undercarriage. In official circles in England the consequences of this simple but expensive act are far-reaching, and although from here on the main excitement drops a little, the author successfully builds up a new interest in the vindication of Mr. Honey, of whom we have grown very fond, and in the remarkable development of his private life. That his faith in the planchette is in character one may well doubt, but the story is very plausibly written and the excitements of research are neatly introduced.

E. O. D. K.

### Art, Punch—and Other Books

Here are a few suggestions for books to give away at Christmas—or to put on your own shelves, as convenience or the state of your purse may dictate. *The Year's*

*Art, 1945-1947* (HUTCHINSON, 3 guineas), recapitulates activities in Painting, Sculpture, Engraving and Architecture during 1944, 1945 and 1946. Complete lists of art sales, bequests and gifts, of art institutions and their members throughout the country, a directory of artists and art workers and many fine reproductions make this volume, which is compiled by Mr. A. C. R. CARTER, an indispensable possession for anyone concerned with the exhibition, criticism or acquisition of works of art. Lighter, in more ways than one, is the *Saturday Book*, edited by LEONARD RUSSELL and now in its eighth year. It is an excellent miscellany, ideal for the guest-room bedside-table and is published by HUTCHINSON at 21/-. Then there is *Saturday Slow* (FABER, 12/6), the latest collection of EMETT's drawings from *Punch*; *God's Englishmen* (AVALON PRESS AND JOHN BRADLEY, 6/6), a book of drawings, by RICHARD ("DICKY") DOYLE, published in *Punch* in 1849 under the title "Manners and Customs of Ye Englyshe," together with extracts from Percival Leigh's text which accompanied them, and *Punch in Camera-Land* (FOCAL PRESS, 15/-), which is a collection from *Punch* of drawings, articles and verse on, about or against photography from 1846 to the present day. *Happy Yesterdays* (COUNTRY LIFE, 10/6) is a pleasantly amusing book of reminiscences, by Major C. S. JARVIS, for thirteen years Governor of the Sinai Peninsula, one-time contributor to *Punch*, and now a weekly writer on country pursuits and pleasures in "Country Life." Finally, readers may like to note that recent titles in the admirable "Faber Gallery" series (7/6 each) include Van Gogh, Matisse, Renoir, Watteau and Chagall.



"So much, then, for the ordinary high-explosive stuff."





*"Of course, she'll only remember the things we wouldn't let her go on."*

## No Joke

NEXT to attempting fun over the telephone, a disastrous business arousing only puzzled irritation in the distant subscriber, I now know that the maddest act to which the volatile mind can address itself is that of firing off wit among strangers. When Voltaire, reading a new play of his to his friends, said of the dozing Montesquieu: "Wake him up—he seems to imagine he's in the audience," he knew that he could rely upon delighted roars and industrious cuff-jottings to follow; he would never have essayed such a witticism (or even a good one) at nine o'clock on a cold morning in a jammed milk-bar opposite the Bank of England.

That is where Voltaire and I differ.

It was a very cold morning. I must make this point emphatically, otherwise my joke will fall as flat with you

as it did with those blue-nosed, steamy-eyed, mittened, muffled City cup-fondlers; it was because the morning was so cold that the milk-bar was so full. I have passed it many times, but never before seen customers overflowing on to the pavement and thus giving Threadneedle Street an air of Continental abandon. It was because the morning was so cold that I went in. And perhaps there was another reason. That morning I was full of bonhomie. I have no idea why, because it was fairly in the face of reason; cold feet, late trains and no cigarettes should properly have combined to induce a black hatred of the whole world: instead, a bright, false cloak of affability had fallen upon me. I had engaged willingly with fellow-travellers in talk about British Railways. I had

(I recall with a shudder) chaffed a bus-conductor.

When I had forced a way to the counter, showering my smiling apologies graciously around me, I saw that on the back wall of the bar was a joke, or, at any rate, the makings of one—a single-word joke hanging slightly askew. In six-inch letters with snow on top it said, simply:

### ICES

It was perhaps unfortunate that I had leisure to study this, to investigate it in my mind, just as Voltaire, no doubt, had studied and investigated the humorous promise of Montesquieu as he slept. I had time to plan, to frame, to polish the quip that presented itself, and by the time the lady in the stained overall threw me an off-hand

"What's for you, mister?" I was fully rehearsed. Waiting a second for a lull in the sipping and foot-stamping around me I launched my shaft in well-pitched tones. I nodded towards the one-word joke and said: "I think it's just the morning for an ice-cream."

Not good, perhaps, even by Voltaire's standards, but its effect was immediate. A hush fell on the crowded room. Teeth were arrested in mid-chatter. Over the rim of twenty fuming cups eyes fastened themselves upon me—some incredulous, some scornful, some frankly pitying: none amused; there was no laughter. A girl in a macintosh so tightly belted as to threaten her circulation hissed to a friend, "Ices, fancy! Morning like this!" and a man of the type usually to be seen peering out of a hole in the pavement said with an ingenious touch of topicality, "Cuh! Talk about Scott of the Antarctick!" One or two nearby customers elbowed their way backwards to get me fully in their sights.

The lady behind the bar was above any of these commonplace reactions. "Chocolate or vanilla?" she demanded.

It is a hideous moment for a wit when he realizes that he must explain his joke. My gaiety went from me suddenly and sickeningly, leaving me as void as a trodden éclair.

"Make up your mind, mate," she said.

My impulse was to turn and run, but stamping customers penned me in. I was cornered, I and my joke.

"I—er," I said. "It was—I didn't—I was only . . . Er, I'll have a coffee, please."

"Cheek," said the lady in the overall.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Not satisfied with two varieties, eh?" she said loudly. "I might tell you there's not many joints got two varieties of ices on the menu this morning—and what's more, choice o' wafers and cornets!"

"But—" I began.

"Come in 'ere," she said, raising her voice another major third and opening the swell, "askin' for ices, trying to catch us out. Fine thing!" She snatched up a chained spoon from the counter and pointed it at the notice on the wall. "Got it up on the advert.," she said. "Shouldn't 'ave it up if we

hadn't got none." She seemed to stand on something invisible behind the counter, growing a few menacing inches taller, and addressed herself to a wider audience. "Come in 'ere askin' for ices, tryin' it on. Then when I says chocolate or vanilla 'e says coffee. Anybody know a joint in the City with coffee-ices, mornin' like this?"

The appeal to British fair-play drew angry supporting murmurs. I realized that I was getting more jostling from behind than could reasonably be regarded as accidental, and noted with apprehension that the lady behind the counter had seized a ponderous Cornish pasty in one hand. With strength born of terror I whirled round and forced myself out into the street, reflecting as I passed the Royal Exchange at a spirited canter that I was lucky to have escaped merely with the loss of one pocket-flap, my morning paper and my allowance of bonhomie for the existing rationing period.

"All succeeds with people who are of a sweet and cheerful disposition," said Voltaire. And that is where he and I differ again. J. B. B.

## Making a Masterpiece

"I'VE written a couple of lines of modern poetry," I said to my friend Bladdel, who is more in touch with that kind of thing than I am. In fact several people regard him as a coming man in that line.

"Are they good?" he asked.

"Quite good, I think, as modern poetry goes," I said.

"Let's hear them," he said.

"Well, here they are," said I.

"Here where the multitudes incarnadine  
The open mouth of the voluptuous sea.  
What do you think of them?"

"Well, the first line," he said, "is of course above criticism. Nobody could presume to criticize fine words like 'multitudes' and 'incarnadine.' They take you right back to Shakespeare at once."

"So I rather thought," I said. "And what about the next line?"

"Well, that's all right too," said Bladdel. "Nobody could criticize that either. It is saved by that word 'voluptuous.' It is a thoroughly poetical word. Only a philistine could find any fault with that."

"I half thought of going on with it," I said. "How would this do for the next line?"

*The avalanche of ages is astir.*

"No," he said. "I wouldn't stick to the same metre like that. Three lines

of it is too much. It grows tedious. No, I should break away. Something more like this:

*The coleoptera are running like snails  
round the flower-beds.*

Coleoptera are some sort of butterfly, you know. At least, I think they are. I should have something more like that."

"Yes, that is splendid," I said. "But may I actually use your line?"

"Oh, certainly," said Bladdel.

And I thanked him warmly.

"Well, then," I added, "perhaps I might go on:

*Midnight is seething.*

"Yes, that's right," he said. "You want a short line there after my long one. Nothing is more tedious than keeping on and on at the same length. How are you going on after that?"

"Perhaps something like this," I said: "*The motor-cars and the mechanizations make day a dilemma.*"

"Yes, that will do all right," said Bladdel. "But don't get too near definite statements. This isn't prose. Anybody can say 'The sky is blue, and two and two make four.' The poet should do something more than that."

"What about:

*Blah! The noise is enigmatic and sticky?"*

I asked.

"Yes," he said. "Yes. But even there you are getting near definite statement; and definite statements are bound to be trite. Something more like this might suit your poem better:

*Hiccough and ha! The globules and the dragons and the granite."*

"That is splendid!" I said. "I like all those 'g's, and it evokes thought wonderfully, and yet leaves every reader to think what he likes."

"Yes, that is the thing," he said. "You must leave thought absolutely free, not tie it down with definite statements."

"And may I use that line too?" I asked.

He carelessly nodded his head.

"That is most kind of you," I said. "And I have just thought of another line, a short one to give contrast:

*Who? Which? What?"*

"That is splendid," he said, "really splendid. It is so effective that I should end your poem with that."

And that is how my poem came to be so short. But perhaps in a way it is as well. D.

"This is one obvious respect in which politics differs from commerce. . . . Politics are peculiar."—*Sunday paper.*

Singular?

## Secret Hiding-Place

**M**UMMY! Mummy, have you got an old empty cotton-reel that I could hammer some nails into? Mummy, could you think of a *very secret* place where I could hide something *very secret* that no one has to know about till after Christmas? I did think of a very good place which was the top shelf of the toy cupboard, at the back, where no one can reach very well, but Christopher's got it. Could you think of a very special place that Christopher would never think of, could you? Yes, I *am* going to wash them: we were oiling Martin's steam-engine. Mummy, it's an engine that doesn't go along, it only makes steam, *very powerfully*, but I think the boiler's just burst.

Mummy, this house hasn't got any nice secret places in it, has it? Like I mean *panels*, or *secret drawers*, or floorboards that *take up*, or anything interesting like that: I mean when we lose anything it could never be found after *centuries* covered with dust, it's only generally because something else is on top of it. Mummy, we've been having a *smashing* game at hiding one another, in Martin and Hilary's garden: they've got millions and millions of leaves and we swept them up and *buried* one another, and whoever was buried jumped up with an awful *roaring* noise and chased everybody round the house. All except Hilary

made an awful roaring noise: she just stood up with her arms spread out and said "I am the fairy of the mulberry bush." Nobody could think *what* she meant.

Mummy, Twinkle jumps up and down in the leaves, all skippily. Twinkle. Mummy, I *have* told you about Twinkle. It's so funny the way she can run *straight up* but she can't run *straight down*, and although she's always frightened she keeps on running straight up and we keep on having to get the ladder and the last time a walking-stick as well. Martin has made a poem about her: it says "Twinkle is a cat and Twinkle is her name." He's going to make her a Christmas present with that funny sort of knitting you do with a cotton-reel and four nails, and it goes down the middle of the reel in a sort of thin rope—a sort of ropy thing with a bell on the end, he's going to make. Christopher says Twinkle would just as soon have the reel, and Martin says that wouldn't be a present at all.

Mummy, do you think I could make a thing for Granny out of long ropy stuff—a table-cloth or something—if I made miles and miles of it? Well, a cover for a cushion, then? Well, a little mat to stand something on, a flower-pot or something? Do you? Well, I could start now. I *mean* when I've washed them.

Mummy, suppose someone was going

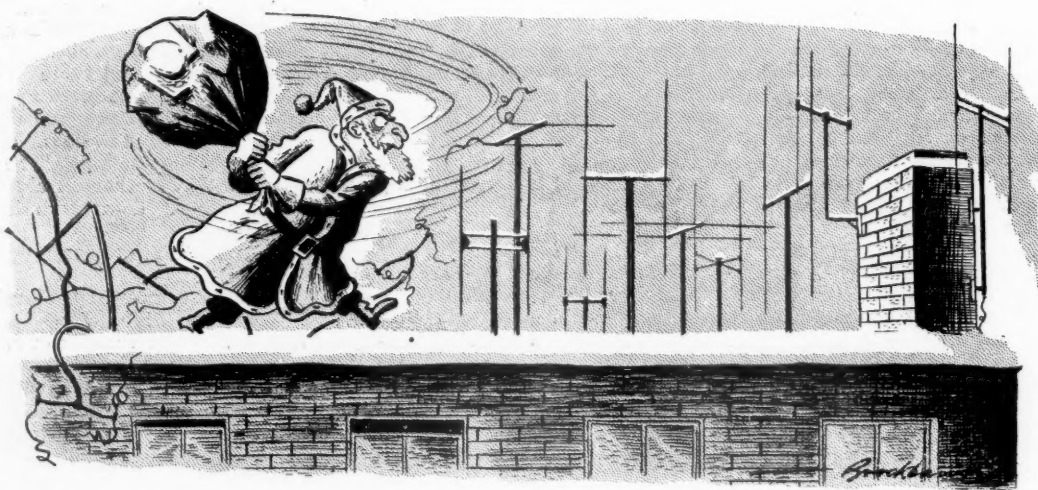
to give you something for Christmas, a sort of thing made of thin cut-out wood or something like that, the sort of thing you hang on a wall, and it was going to have a picture on it, that the person might not really have *drawn* but perhaps might have *cut out*, and perhaps might colour—Mummy, do you think you'd like a picture of a cat or a dog better, suppose someone *was* going to? Well, I think two puppies playing with each other is often a nice picture. I just wondered.

Yes, I *am* going, *now*. Mummy, it's a *great pity* you won't let me have them oily; it's so comfortable, it's like having on two pairs of warm gloves that you can't feel. I wish you always let me keep the oil on. Mummy, can you think of a place for me where I could put my secret things that you'd promise not to look in and no one else could ever possibly think of and I would put a notice inside it not to look in case they did happen to find it and I'd put something there already; could you, Mummy, *please*?

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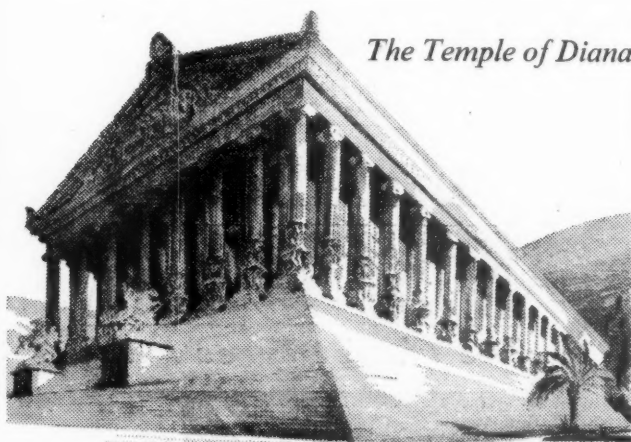
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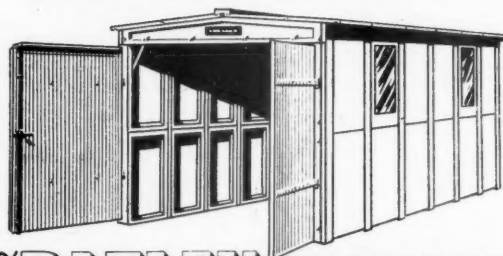
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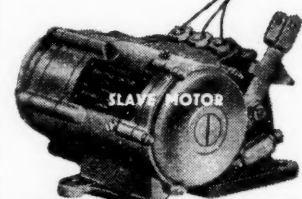
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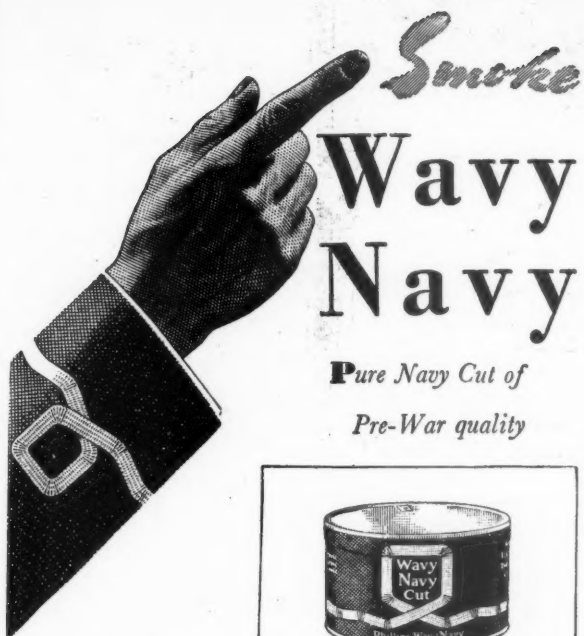
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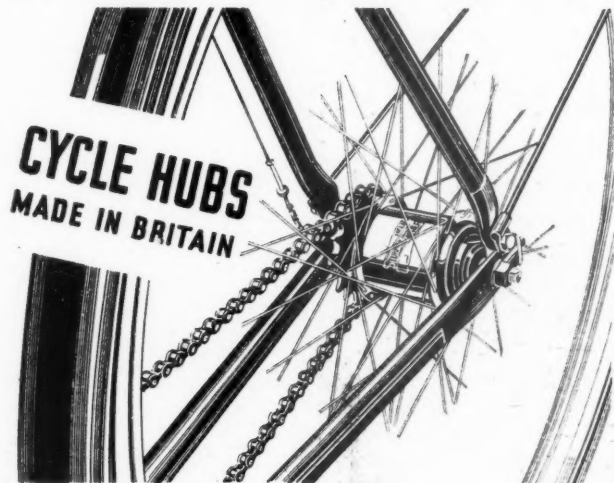
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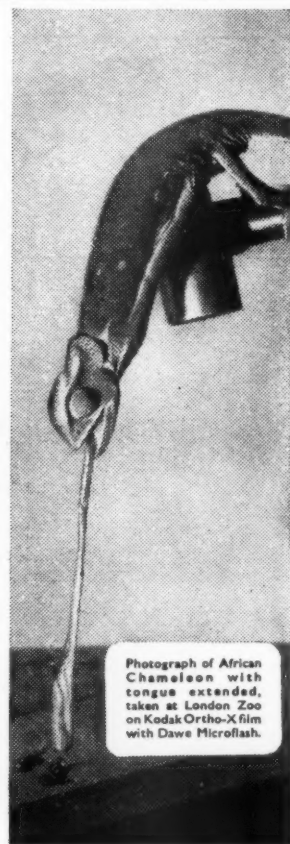
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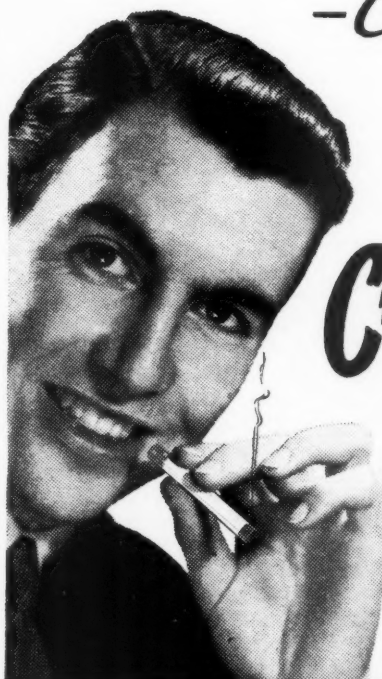
A rough towelling when he gets wet, *regular* Karswood conditioning—your dog will laugh at the dreary winter days, because he will be fit, and that is his best protection. Seven out of every ten breeders use Karswood Dog Condition Powders and Tablets.

**KARSWOOD** **DOG** *Conditioning*  
**POWDERS and TABLETS**

In cartons 24 for 1/9—8 for 9d.—Special Kennel Pack 144 for 8/6

## Their Cork-Tips make smoking

## —Cleaner!



# Craven 'A'

made with  
rich, fine  
tobacco

**WILL NOT AFFECT YOUR THROAT**

FIRST TIME IN BRITAIN

# Lantigen 'B'

DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

*treatment for*

## CATARRH and BRONCHITIS

For over 12 years, LANTIGEN 'B' has been widely used throughout Australia as a remedy for Catarrh and Bronchitis. Its reputation then spread to Canada. And now LANTIGEN 'B' is available from chemists in this country. LANTIGEN 'B' not only treats the disorder but builds up resistance to further attacks. A bottle costs 25/8 including purchase tax. Ask your chemist for the fully descriptive LANTIGEN leaflet.

*Taken like ordinary medicine*

LANTIGEN (ENGLAND) LTD., BAGSHOT, SURREY


**B**umped, rattled and jolted over every type of surface the countryside can produce, out in all weathers, and sometimes sadly neglected—it's a hard life for the battery on a tractor. A life that would soon reveal a weakness, were any weakness present. Thousands of tractors at work on our farms rely on Exide Batteries. Where work is hardest and conditions are most severe you will find that batteries made by The Chloride Electrical Storage Company predominate: on tractors, trains and heavy transport. Where reliability is all-important, the choice is the same: on the South African Royal Train, and the Vikings of the King's Flight. In every Chloride, Exide or Exide-Ironclad Battery is embodied the experience gained in fifty-six years of battery manufacture.

**THE CHLORIDE ELECTRICAL  
STORAGE COMPANY LIMITED**  
Exide Works, Clifton Junction,  
near Manchester



P.T.B.

BY APPOINTMENT  
TOILET SOAP MAKERS  
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI



Then as now

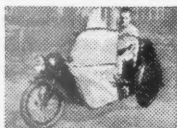
The craftsmanship  
of over half a century  
is expressed  
in Bronnley soap

**Bronnley**  
OF LONDON

### "I WONDER WHAT THEY'LL DO AT CHRISTMAS?"

Will Santa Claus come? Will the Old Folk have "little extras" to cheer them? Will the very poor have anything to remind them it really is Christmas? Will Christmas make any difference to the distressed gentlewomen? The answer is "YES" if YOU send a gift to Rev. Preb. H. H. Treacher, Church Army, 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

### JOLTED?

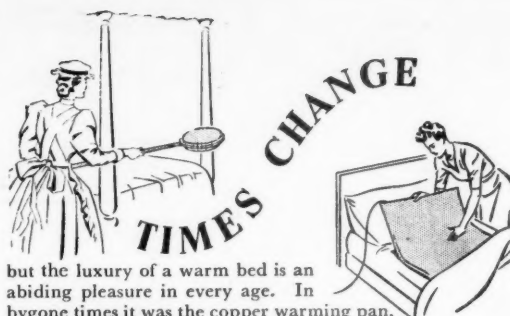


Not if you own an "INVACAR." Perfect One or Two arm control with comfort, reliability and economy. Unique layout gives unique advantages. Complete electrical equipment and the new "Invastarter."

**INVACAR**  
The Invalid Car of Quality  
(Dept. P.1), West Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex

Wishing You a  
**HAPPY XMAS**  
and  
**NEW YEAR**  
with  
**NEEDLER'S CHOCOLATES**  
and  
**SWEETS**

NEEDLER'S LTD., HULL • Established 1886



but the luxury of a warm bed is an abiding pleasure in every age. In bygone times it was the copper warming pan, close-packed with glowing coals. For the past 21 years, however, Thermega Limited have been pioneers in the art of bed warming the modern way. Thermega electrically-heated domestic and cot blankets are the product of careful scientific research. As a result, they are not only absolutely safe, but the best and least expensive blankets of their kind on the market.

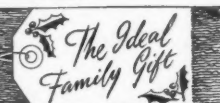
Apart from their low initial cost, including the new reduced Purchase Tax, and the advantage of a comprehensive after-sales service, just think of the saving in fuel and effort.

Just plug in for one hour before you go to bed and Thermega will give you the cosiest of receptions—all for one unit of electricity per week. Let Thermega blankets, with their wonderful sleep inducing properties, take the chill out of winter nights for you.

Stocked by Leading Stores, Chemists, Electricians and Supply Corporations.

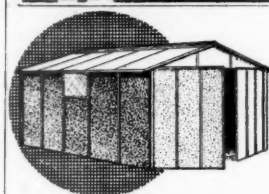
**'Thermega'**  
Regd.

Electrically-heated  
Domestic Blankets



ST.1

**MOTORISTS!**  
**FIT AN OILCOIL**  
Improved performance and increase of 3-7 M.P.G. guaranteed.  
Write now for leaflet A.7  
**RUNBAKEN, MANCHESTER, 1.**  
DUBLIN: 70, Middle Abbey Street  
LONDON: 8, St. James's St. S.W.1.



### GARAGES

Fireproof garages; easily erected. Various designs, range of sizes. Write, call or phone for full particulars.

**J. THORN & SONS LTD**  
Box 109A, Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.  
Tel.: Bexleyheath 305

### Escape to the Sunshine this Winter!

IN a day or so you can be in lovely Nassau, where the Fort Montagu Beach Hotel offers you complete rest in perfect surroundings. Charming rooms with magnificent views, excellent cuisine, and a return to gracious living. 50 acres of beautiful grounds, expansive private beach—a tropical paradise. Bathing, water ski-ing, sailing, game fishing, golf, tennis, riding, and all other sports. A holiday abroad without any currency or language problems. Season opens Dec. 15th. Full details from:

Thos. Cook & Son Ltd., Chalfis & Benson Ltd.  
45, Berkeley St., W.1. 8, S. Molton St., W.1.  
Gro. 41.00 May. 63.37

or other principal travel agents or  
439, Oxford St. (Dept. F.M.), London, W.1.  
Fort Montagu Beach Hotel, Nassau, Bahamas.  
A Butlin Resort Hotel

BUT DON'T YOU SEE?  
THIS WAY CLEANS THE  
S-BEND, TOO



You can't reach the S-bend, the pipe at the back of the lavatory, with a cloth or brush. But you can reach it with Harpic!

You'll find Harpic not only cleans and disinfects the pan. It sweeps right round into the S-bend where no brush or cloth can reach — kills germs, leaves the whole bowl clean and fresh.



**HARPIC**

Made specially for the lavatory

**BMK**

mothproof

**CARPETS**

Made by modern methods to maintain the traditions of fine Kilmarnock weaving

Take a lot of beating!

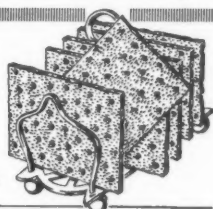
BLACKWOOD HORTON KILMARNOCK



By Appointment Peak, Freen & Company Ltd. Biscuit & Vita-Weat Crispbread Manufacturers



Vita-Weat is good to eat \* So  
crisp and nice to crunch \*  
Wheat in its most delicious  
form \* Try it to-day,  
with lunch!



Now free of points

PEEK FREAN • MAKERS OF FAMOUS BISCUITS

THE SWITCH FAMILY ROBINSON



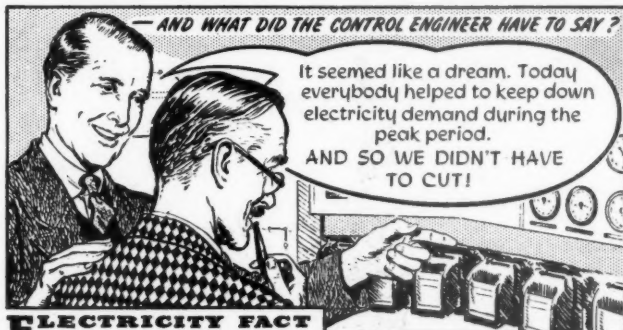
## The "Peak" of Perfection

Father kept the electric fire OFF—even though it was a bit chilly.



Comfet arranged to have her bath at night—during the OFF peak period.

Mother used the electric cooker as economically as possible.



— AND WHAT DID THE CONTROL ENGINEER HAVE TO SAY ?

It seemed like a dream. Today everybody helped to keep down electricity demand during the peak period.  
AND SO WE DIDN'T HAVE TO CUT!

### ELECTRICITY FACT

To avoid electricity cuts this winter, industry aims to reduce its Peak Load demand by 30%—by spreading the load to other times of day. Commercial offices and shops, with less scope for economy, are organising for a 20% economy of demand. Domestic consumers can make or mar these efforts by careful or wasteful use of electricity. Keep your demand "Off-Peak".

(British Electricity)

## The Follow-on-Plan FOR WEANING Baby

WHEN Baby is ready for weaning, mother will find that "Follow-On Trufood" is the perfect food for keeping him healthy and sturdy. Follow-On Trufood provides all the necessary nourishment for this important transition period and is a great help in introducing him to "solids".

### HOW IS YOUR BABY GETTING ON?

To: Trufood Ltd. (Dept. FP, 8), Wrenbury, Cheshire.  
Please send me a copy of "The Secondary Stage of Infant Feeding." My baby is aged ..... months.

Name .....

Address .....

TFF, 241/1059



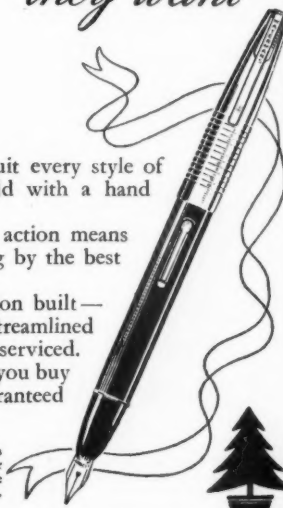
It's a  
Waterman's  
they want

### Because

- There's a choice of nibs to suit every style of writing, each one 14-carat gold with a hand ground iridium tip.
- The simple 'one-stroke' lever action means quick, clean and efficient filling by the best method.
- Every 'Waterman's' is precision built—beautifully styled—modern and streamlined in design and can be universally serviced.
- When you buy a 'Waterman's' you buy first-class value and a fully guaranteed fountain-pen.



Don't forget to give them Waterman's ink too—in the famous 'tip-fill' bottle or the Waterman's travelling case. Nine lovely colours from which to choose.



To give Waterman's is the finest  
Compliment you can pay  
**Waterman's Pens, Pencils & Inks**



## Great-Grandmama waited for the Postman...

and at last he came, bringing that long-awaited note. Breathlessly Great-Grandmama read it and tucked it away... to lie hidden until the present day. Have you any early Victorian letters tucked away in cupboards and drawers in your home? Some of the stamps may be of considerable value to overseas buyers. Send them to C. Rose, Specialist in Early Victorian Stamps, who is aware of the best markets and will send cash by return.

# C. ROSE

Specialist in Early Victorian Stamps  
123 HIGH STREET, ETON

## TIMEKEEPING THROUGH CENTURIES

The 'Puritan' Watch shown on the left of the illustration is a typical example of mid-seventeenth century craftsmanship. By its side is shown a modern precision-made wrist-watch, typical of those you will find at Camerer Cuss. Impeccable in appearance and exemplary in their time-keeping, they are all backed by the Camerer Cuss reputation.

### CAMERER CUSS

Makers of Good Clocks & Watches since 1788  
NEW OXFORD STREET • LONDON • W.C.1  
ALSO 91 KINGSWAY, W.C.2  
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**UNCOMMONLY GOOD...**  
even among good cigarettes

**STRAIGHT CUT CIGARETTES**  
20 for 3/10  
Made by LAMBERT & BUTLER of Drury Lane, London.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. SC3X

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#### Hotel Reina Cristina ALGECIRAS

Visit this British-owned luxury hotel for your Winter or Summer holiday. Facing the Rock of Gibraltar, and reached by air in a day from London. Hotel car meets aircraft at Gibraltar Airport.  
Apply Usual Agencies or direct to Manager.

*Hurrah.*  
**BERMALINE BREAD**  
for tea!  
Baked by Good Bakers everywhere

Good, pure delicious food. A treat to eat — and easily digested

Enquiries to: MONTGOMERIE & CO. LTD. • IBROX • GLASGOW.



**Ration-free**

## Aids to good Cooking

**FRY AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE!**

★ **WITH HEATHER COOKING OIL** — ration free for frying and baking. It's blended for perfect quality. Now at reduced prices. 26 oz. bottle 12/-; 20 oz. bottle 9/3; 13 oz. bottle 6/3.

★ **Culinary Lemon** — use it just like freshly squeezed lemon juice. 2/- bottle.

★ **Pineapple and Blackcurrant Syrups** — help the sugar ration, and put real fruit juices into puddings, jellies and sauces. 13 oz. bottle 2/6.



CITRUS PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON & GLASGOW

## What value you get in Andrews!

**FIRST**, this pleasant-tasting effervescent drink quickly chases gloom away. It freshens the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

**NEXT**, antacid in action, Andrews settles the stomach, corrects digestive upsets.

**THEN**, Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

**FINALLY**, to complete your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the system and purifies the blood. Only 2/3 — family size tin, guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

Be regular with your Andrews — refreshing, tonic, laxative.



**ANDREWS LIVER SALT**

for **Inner Cleanliness**  
(G113-12\*)

**Bertram MILLS CIRCUS**

**DEC. 17 TO FEB. 3**

**AND FUN FAIR — OLYMPIA**

**DEC. 17 - JAN. 28** **ALL SATURDAYS**  
Twice Daily 2:30 & 7pm **and DEC. 27 and 28**  
**JAN. 31 - FEB. 3 at 5:30 & 8:15** **Three Shows**  
**1:45, 5:0 & 8:15 p.m.**

BOX OFFICE SHEP. BUSH 5560  
OVER 500 UNRESERVED SEATS EACH PERFORMANCE

**3 WAYS OF USING VAPEX FOR COLDS**

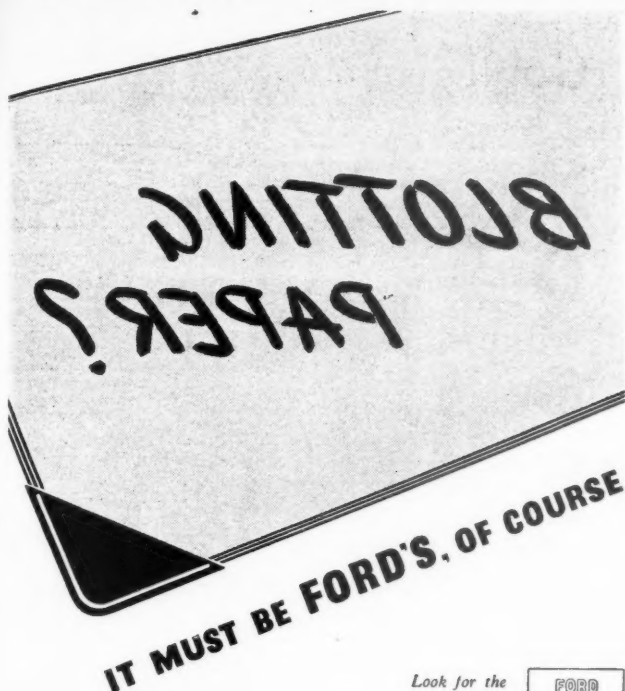
Of all Chemists  
Vapex 2/6 Inhaler 1/3 Vapex - Volatol 1/9

△ Breathe the vapour from pillow or handkerchief

△ Use the handy Vapex Inhaler

△ Rub the New VAPEX-VOLATOL on the Chest

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watermark  
in every sheet

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428 MILL

In 24 attractive colours . . . At all good Stationers  
T. B. FORD, LTD. LOUDWATER, BUCKS

**The First  
Cigar  
for the  
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EST. 1863

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MADE IN FIVE SIZES



*Captain Morgan's in Town*  
**Captain Morgan**  
**JAMAICA**  
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*Light in Flavour Light in Colour  
Light in Bouquet*

BOTTLED IN JAMAICA



**REGENT**  
**PETROL**

**STERLING QUALITY!**

**IT'S COMING**



THIS PUMP PLEASE(S)



Now you can get it...  
  
 ...get it now!

**VOTRIX VERMOUTH** · SWEET 11/- DRY 12/6  
 Produced and bottled by Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey

Good { COMPANY WEATHER LIVING } and all in the sterling area!

Stay as long as (and spend what) you like. Relax or go gay—go racing, yachting, dancing, swimming or “snorkel” fishing—or just play bridge and sit in the sun. English cigarettes are still 1/6 for 20—with bargain fashion shopping on Kingsway. Malta invites you to her social centre—and Europe's most modern hotel—where pre-war English-style luxury mingles with Mediterranean sunshine, sport, tradition and charm.

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 MALTA G.C.

For further information write, The Malta Hotels Co., Ltd., Public Relations Division, 34, Grosvenor St., London, W.1

push-button service  
 every amenity  
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 8 main suites  
 facing Valetta's Grand Harbour  
 8 hours' flying time from London



By Appointment  
 to H.M. The King  
 Silversmiths & Jewellers

**Asprey**

Invite you to inspect their collection of new designs in Gem-set Jewellery .....

At their Bond Street premises they have a collection of second-hand jewellery of exceptional interest, details of which they will be glad to furnish on request.

Asprey will be pleased to offer the best prices for antique or modern articles of jewellery, gold, silver, china and glass, and leather goods, in new condition. Please post registered parcels for offer to 166, New Bond Street.

ASPREY & CO. LTD.  
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**Old and Mellow**

Only years of maturing in wood can produce a bland and gentle rum like *Sun*. Whether you prefer it as a long drink or a short one... in cocktails or in punches you will enjoy the delicate flavour of *Sun Rum*. It is as smooth as silk with just the right “body”—not too heavy and not too light... Try a bottle today. Obtainable from good stores and Wine Merchants.

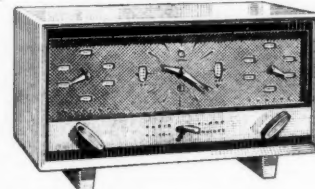
**Sun Rum**

ISLAND BOTTLED  
 PRODUCT OF JAMAICA

Caribbean Rum Company Ltd.

U.K. Agents: Hedges & Butler Ltd. 153 Regent Street, London W1

Time For  
**'Radiotime'**  
 IF YOU ORDER NOW  
 FOR CHRISTMAS



Here is a very gifted receiver. Superb modern styling with the usual excellence of Ekco radio allied to an amazing technical achievement—select the programme you want to hear and at the appointed time the ‘Radiotime’ switches itself on... and off again when you wish. And it always tells you the time, of course. It will even call you in the morning... to music. All you have to do is pre-set it, much like an alarm clock. Ask your Ekco Dealer to show you why you must have it for Christmas!

**EKCO**  
**'Radiotime'**  
 FOR A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

EKCO ‘Radiotime’ Model A33—A delight to the eye, pleasing to the ear. Radi-cum-Clock-cum “Auto-alarm.” Switches itself on or off at pre-set times, a quality-engineered innovation. For 50-cycle time-controlled A.C. mains. Price 33 Gns. inc. tax.

E. K. COLE LTD · SOUTHEND-ON-SEA



**DUNLOP**

**NO SEAMS**

VERY STRONG  
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*Best  
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**Save as you shave!**

Given reasonable care the KROPP razor will last a lifetime. *There's economy for you!*

Not only that, but it will give you luxuriously smooth shaves all the time. The Kropp is a hand-made razor, wrought by razor craftsmen from fine quality Sheffield Steel. Never needs grinding. You'll be proud to own a KROPP.

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Black Handle: 15/2, tax inc. Of Hairdressers, Cutlers and Stores. Postage and Booklet 160 for 2jd. stamp.

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HOT-DIP GALVANIZED WINDOWS  
OF VARIOUS TYPES ARE SPECIALLY  
MADE FOR SCHOOLS & HOSPITALS

THE CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.  
BRAintree ENGLAND

## AMONG THE PRINCELY PLEASURES . .



Pennants and plumes waving in the breeze, sunshine flashing on swift moving armour, cloth of gold and crimson and azure. Clash of lance on steel . . . and in the background the turrets and towers of Kenilworth. Thus, from the greatness of yesterday, a name for today . . . of supreme and classic quality.

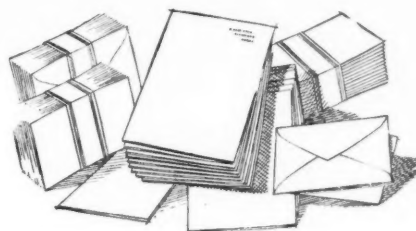
# Kenilworth

... one of the classic names in

3/7 for 20

CIGARETTES

Made with Mellow Golden Virginia Leaf  
BY COPE'S OF LIVERPOOL



## A PERSONAL Stationery Service

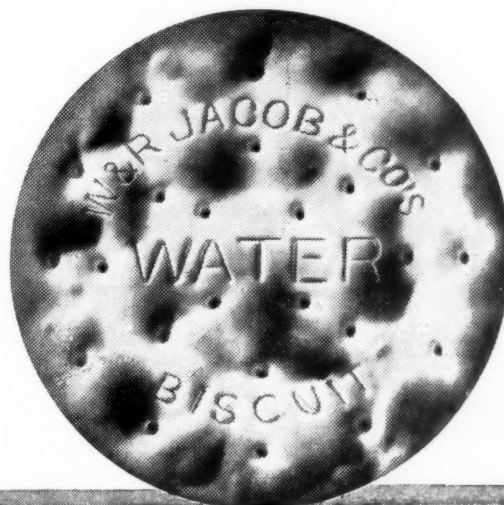
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A(b)!



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No. 7 'Virginia' Cigarettes, 20 for 3/10  
ALSO Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian

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Here is the tyre with every feature that you've ever looked for, a tyre that will give outstanding service . . . grip the road at all times . . . stand up to all conditions . . . resist skidding on wet surfaces . . . maintain its tread pattern to the end of its life. Notice its distinctive appearance—it's the New Dunlop Tyre.

UP TO  
2,000  
MORE  
TEETH



This extension of the safety feature pioneered by Dunlop gives maximum safety on all surfaces.

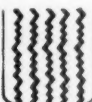
EXTENSION OF  
MOULDED KNIFE  
CUT PRINCIPLE

Another safety feature which increases skid resistance on wet surfaces.



Available in 'Dunlop Fort' and 'Dunlop' qualities.

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AND  
FLATTER  
TREAD



The wear and load is distributed in an even manner over a large area of tread rubber. An important factor in mileage performance.

INCREASED DEPTH  
OF EFFECTIVE  
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Contributes to longer mileage—tread pattern persists to the end.



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RIB WIDTHS



Variation of rib widths to improve load distribution.

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